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THE RE-INCARNATION.

[To him, in Hades, who wrought the Winged Victory, to tell him of how she whom he made immortal has again put on mortality.]

*Again hath bloomed the loved, lost face;
Again men see, as you of yore,
The calm, the might, the line, the grace,
That did thy craftsman's soul implore,
In sea-girt, sacred Samothrace.*

Out of the brief and fleeting years,
Comes softly hence, to mortal man,
She whom you marked with hopes and fears
Till that eternal moment when
You captured what was lost till then:

The grace, the might, the calm, the line,
More transient than the wavering gleams
Of sun and shade that intertwine,
Afloat upon the wavering streams,
Weaving for poets their vague dreams.

O Thracian, who in marble made
Immortal mutability
(Even as a rose that cannot fade,
A wave-crest rescued from the sea),
As you wrought, wherefore cannot we?

For though on earth she comes again,
None capture now nor face nor pose;
She passes like an April rain;
More lost than are the last year's
 snows,
Or any fleeting wind that blows.

*Again hath bloomed the loved, lost face;
Again men see, as you of yore,
The calm, the might, the line, the grace,
That did thy craftsman's soul implore,
In sea-girt, sacred Samothrace.*

Frederick Niven.

The Nation.

SUNKEN GOLD.

In dim green depths rot ingot-laden
ships;
And gold doubloons, that from the
drowned hand fell,
Lie nestled in the ocean-flower's bell

With Love's old gifts once kissed by
long-drowned lips;
And round some wrought gold cup the
sea-grass whips,
And hides lost pearls, near pearls
still in their shell
Where sea-weed forests fill each
ocean dell
And seek dim sunlight with their rest-
less tips.
So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost
hopes
Beneath the now hushed surface of
myself,
In lonelier depths than where the diver
gropes;
They lie deep, deep; but I at times be-
hold
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy
shelf,
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.
Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

THE PRISONER OF GOD.

Once long and long ago I knew delight
God gave my spirit wings and a glad
 voice.
I was a bird that sang at dawn and
noon,
That sang at starry evening time and
night;
Sang at the sun's great golden doors,
and furled
Brave wings in the white gardens of
the moon;
That sang and soared beyond the dusty
world.

Once long and long ago I did rejoice,
But now I am a stone that falls and
falls.
A prisoner, cursing the blank prison
walls,
Helpless and dumb, with desperate
eyes, that see
The terrible beauty of those simple
things
My soul disdained when she was proud
and free.
And I can only pray: God pity me,
God pity me and give me back my
voice!
God pity me and give me back my
wings!

Olive Douglas.

The Academy.

CONTEMPORARY POLITICS IN FRANCE.

When friends from abroad come to see me in Paris and express a wish to go to the Chamber, I must own that I feel a pang of despair. My national self-respect is put to a severe test. Alas! the Sessions of the Palais Bourbon do scant honor to my country.

It would be good, it would even be natural, if the legislators of a great nation were superior both in mind and character to the moral and mental average of that nation. More than this, since our deputies and senators are our representatives, they should, surely, represent France; they should make, as it were, a portrait of her, a portrait if not flattered at least faithful. But look at them; examine them; listen to them. In every way they are inferior, greatly inferior, to the average man in France; instead of a portrait, they give us a sad caricature.

And so, when my foreign friends come back from a Session at the Palais Bourbon, I invite them to consider that a country which can resist such a parliamentary system must be very strong and very admirable. And this will, I hope, be the conclusion which my readers will draw from an article in which I have tried to set forth the deplorable condition of politics in the France of to-day.

The political health of a nation seems to me to be the result of the equilibrium of two opposed forces—one a change-seeking, the other a conservative power. When one of these forces destroys the other, the consequences are terrible. For some years now we have been watching tormented Russia in all the agitation of a crisis, the cause of which is the formidable supremacy of the conservative over the change-seeking power. Russia, thus dominated, has been impotent to adapt herself to new circumstances, and she is

suffering from having wished to perpetuate an impossible archaism. On the other hand we see France imperilled by the mad domination of innovators who are no longer trammelled by the slightest resistance. It is thus that she is led into extravagant adventures, the end of which no man can foresee. Let us leave Russia and confine ourselves to France, where I shall try to analyze these symptoms as accurately as I am able.

With this view I must first of all enumerate existing parties, and indicate their character and their position.

There are a great many parties. This is a principal feature—the first sign—of political anarchy. For the rest, whatever the number and diversity of parties in an organized society, the confusion they make only serves to re-open the deeply-rooted quarrel between Conservatives and Reformers. Their antagonism is more or less clear-cut, their combat more or less even. But if we look more closely at the struggle, we shall find it simple enough behind its screen of tricks and intrigues. In France three main parties divide the honors between them—the honors of an immense disorder extending to every detail. These are: the Right, the Radicals, the Socialists. Within the pale of the Right I set the Royalists, the Bonapartists, and the Nationalists. The Radical label covers the Radicals, the Radical Socialists, and the Independent Socialists; while the term "Socialists" practically comprises the Unified Socialists alone. I do not even mention the Moderates. Later on I shall have occasion to allude to the vacillation and uncertainty of their present rôle.

"The Right" hardly counts any longer. There are in fact but few Royalists, either in the Chamber or the

Senate, and it may be said that there are no Bonapartists. Outside Parliament, it is true, the monarchic idea has its votaries, its hardworking partisans. The Bonapartist cause also has its faithful, but these cannot be said to work hard. The Royalists have their newspapers, their circle, their writers—many of them with big literary names—their controversialists, who want neither fire nor talent, their orators who parade a passionate propaganda in the provinces. They have their theoreticians, too, who afford an elegant practical demonstration of the unity of monarchy and democracy; and their men of action, who are by no means lacking in zeal and enthusiasm and courage.

What will come of all this endeavor? The elections of next year will tell us something. Just now French politics exist without either Royalists or Bonapartists. As for the Nationalists, the Dreyfus business ruined their game. They were clumsy, and then they had no luck. All the same, their doctrines were noble, and now we should find their influence very opportune. They have been, in large measure, wiped out.

This is what the Right of to-day is reduced to. You may join a few Moderates to the rest. But the Moderates have lost all practical value. They had their day of power; not long ago they governed France. They govern her no longer. How many are there? and what are they doing? There are not many, and they are doing nothing. The little remnant of their party, once so flourishing, is scattered. Some of them, scared by the rise of the Left, have gone to the Right. With considerable ill-humor they have given up the Republican fiction which has cheated them. But the Right is not very fond of them, and they stand by her side in the sulks. The rest, worse luck, have gone to the Left; they felt that the Radicals had won the battle, and they

abandoned a cause which had, in truth, abandoned them. From time to time they have voted with the Left; they accepted, for instance, the separation of Church and State which they once called a monstrous measure. In short they have turned into Radicals—pitifully—without pride, without pleasure. At present they form the right wing of the Radicals, who are dragging them more and more towards the Left. We will leave them alone.

I have already said that the Right hardly counts now in the French Parliament. But Parliament makes use of it in rather funny fashion. For when the members of the extreme Left need the help or support of the Radicals for one of their brand-new undertakings, they pretend that they will have to fight fiercely against the dread ventures of the reactionaries. They announce that the Republic is in mortal danger from the existence of its irreconcilable enemies. They announce that the Republic must be saved. They call the Radicals to the rescue. In a moment the Radicals are there. It is all a piece of deceitful artifice, a stratagem that takes in nobody, but one which bears fruit. In reality the Right, the Parliamentary Right, is no more.

The Radicals have the majority; they have it in the Chamber and in the Senate; and they have it in such a way and to such a degree that they could rule the roost all by themselves, without any alliance with other parties, if they wished to, or if they knew how to wish to. But that is not in the least what they are at. By "Radicals" we must understand something more than the Radicals proper and the old Moderates who have gradually turned into the Radicals of the hour. We must include two more groups, the Radical Socialists and the Independent Socialists. These two groups spring from a different ancestry although they have the same kind of outlook. The Radical So-

cialists are the Radicals of yesterday, who, afraid of seeming over-pusillanimous, have tried to lend color to their superannuated Radicalism by giving it a fashionable name and adding to their ancient title the flattering epithet of Socialist. In spite of which they remain nothing but Radicals, poor old Radicals, nervously anxious to be in the forefront and never to be taken for reactionaries; yet in the end still nothing but Radicals, the same as any others. As for the Independent Socialists, they are, so to speak, the misfits of organized Socialism. Whether it is that the revolutionary excesses of Socialism have finally frightened them, or whether they have had other kinds of trouble with this difficult-tempered party, whether they have resigned, or whether they have been expelled, they have gone over to the Radicals although they keep the name of Socialists. Their independence need not delude us. They are simply Socialists who have turned out badly and have been adopted by the Radicals.

Such is the Radical party. It has now been in power for some ten years. It is still in power to-day, although the President of the Council calls himself a Socialist—an old-fashioned Socialist, of course, but one who has settled down into Radicalism in the most comfortable way conceivable. On every side now, however, there is talk of a crisis in the Radical party. He himself has more than once confessed to uneasiness. What is it that is actually happening?

It is an absurd story and it would be almost pathetic if it were not even funnier than it is sad. And here it is, in two words: now that the Radicals are masters, they have not got any programme at all; they are strong enough to do what they want, only they have nothing now to do. There they stand, powerful, opulent, deplorable.

They once had a programme. They

even succeeded in rousing a good deal of commotion round about their projects. At that time Radicalism was to transform this country, to animate it with unimaginable vitality. Well, it has all been done, and now that it has been done, we can attest that the Radical programme was purely and simply anti-clericalism. Yes, it was really nothing more. From the distance what did we not dream of? And this is all. The politics of these arrogant innovators was inspired by hatred of the Catholic clergy and by hatred of whatever was spiritual. They came into power and they lost no time in going to work.

What have they achieved? They have achieved anti-clericalism. In other words, they first attacked the regular clergy and then the secular. To begin with came the suppression of the religious Associations, next the separation of Church and State.

The suppression of the religious Associations is the work of the minister, Combes; the separation of Church and State of the minister, Briand. Combes and Briand are the two great men of triumphant Radicalism. Significant gallants these—the one at the end of his career, the other at his zenith. Combes is a terrible old fellow. He, at all events, has not been a sceptic. But he has thus avoided the inconvenience of uncertainty, seeing that he possesses no more than one idea. This fact has preserved him from the fatal embarrassments of choice. Besides, the one idea in his possession was not one of these complicated, difficult, metaphysical ideas in which the intellect loses itself. Not at all. Frankly, old Combes detested monks and nuns. He had a horror of them, he execrated them. And his very simple plan was to suppress them. He gathered round this elementary idea every fanatic that he could find among the Radicals, the Socialists, among all the forces of the

Left and the extreme Left. He was rabid, he was skilful and mischievous. Every means was fair that could help him to gain and keep his majority. He had it in his grasp. He sacrificed all else to his idea. He gave the War Office to his comrade, General André; the Admiralty to his comrade, Pelletan; these two, like himself, revelled in anti-clericalism and disorganized respectively the Army and the Navy. So the monks and the nuns were sent off; the police and the military were despatched to the assault of the convents; they forced locks, they scaled walls, they made an end of innocent and pious persons who had an inveterate habit of prayer and of devotion. Ridiculous successes, such as, in better days, would have dishonored Radicalism. Old Combes, by virtue of his fanatical obstinacy, had achieved his ends. France was emptied of monks and nuns. He is considered a very remarkable statesman. And he did, indeed, expend an amazing amount of energy; but it was expended in the service of a detestable cause and with all a sectarian's signal malevolence.

M. Briand is not quite of the same mould. He is another type of Radical politician. And he has only lately become a Radical. He has arrived at Radicalism as well as at a sort of relative wisdom. We knew him as a revolutionary Socialist, the vehement apostle of universal strikes and of anti-militarism, an internationalist, an advocate, in short, of the worst follies of the most advanced party. Intelligent he was, however. But hardly did he come into power than he modified his views—it must be owned to his advantage. He did so visibly. His dress improved. In the afternoon, frock coats were noticeable; in the evening, his dress-coat was well-cut; his neckties were in good taste. His equipment was no longer that of the fanatic. In the days of his fanaticism his face was cut in two by

a thick moustache which overspread his cheeks and turned into a bushy beard; as a minister, he took care to shave off this excessive growth and to leave only enough upon his upper lip to shade it with elegance. He presented the appearance of a man of the world. And his ideas underwent a like transformation. They grew tamer, more moderate. In fact, he was overtaken by the crisis that overtakes all revolutionaries who make up their minds to settle down. From the moment they own something to preserve the Conservative comes into them, and directly their position puts them in direct touch with reality they give up the impossible dreams of their phase of vehemence. M. Briand made his appearance as a kind of Radical. His measure of reform was the separation of Church and State—an ancient project of the Radical party.

And this, when all is said, is the balance-sheet of Radicalism. Its universal panacea was an anti-clerical programme; the two reforms that it boasted, the expulsion of the "Religious" and the separation. These measures are now fulfilled. Whether for good or evil—and to my mind it is for evil—they have acquired the force of law.

As far as the Radical party goes, what remains then? Nothing.

Now let us give a glance at the wholly Socialist party. It is much smaller than that of the Radicals; it is composed of people who are, for the most part, very mediocre. Only—they possess a programme. From a parliamentary point of view their party is stamped by the character of one person—one of little intellectual value, but of great political influence—the Citizen Jaurès. This big, burly figure of a man, bearded, thick-haired, red-complexioned, gives you an instant impression of friendly vulgarity. He takes up a great deal of room because of his

bodily dimensions, which are not those of the working or of the suffering classes; because, too, of his mobile exuberance. Of the South he is, with a southern accent; hence a born orator, with a beautiful voice, warm in tone, and with a prodigious wealth of words that absolve him from expressing clear ideas. He talks and he talks, and phrases, metaphors, vindications, imprecations, pour in unbroken floods from his wide-open mouth. Men admire him, he is well-pleased—and he goes on talking. When he ceases, one asks oneself why he does not continue to spout forth honied cascades of oratory, which, since they have no definite object, might just as well have no end. However, he soon begins again, for silence does not suit his nature which inclines to prolix gossip.

He comes from afar; he comes from the Centre; in old days he was moderate—very moderate—but that was at a time when the extreme Left was not in good odor. Since then, curiously weak-willed, he has allowed himself to be dragged more and more towards the Left, and now he is a hero among madmen. He has taken upon himself heavy responsibilities, which he bears gay-heartedly, because he is a man of a light and irreflective spirit.

He comes from afar. He comes from the *Ecole Normale*. He is a man of culture. He had a good deal of success with the thesis for his degree which he submitted to the Sorbonne, a thesis concerning the reality of the external world as against the teaching of Berkeley and the Idealists. He is a doctor—and hence at least some of his prestige amongst his illiterate circle. He is a great delinquent. He has stood surety for the craziest enthusiasts; he is the patron of the worst theories. Before his advent, revolutionary absurdities had been openly classed among the perils which a government was bound to mistrust. It was he who, with his rep-

utation as a philosopher, has lent them a kind of odious authority. True, the ministers of recent years have been pitifully feeble about the dangerous organization of Revolutionary Trade Unions. It was because they were pusillanimous; it was also because the rabidness of the members of the Labor Confederation had assumed in their eyes an impressive appearance of ideology. And who lent it this flattering appearance? None other than the Citizen Jaurès. He has been the indulgent friend of all the blatant riff-raff, of all the various sectaries of anarchy, who, safe and snug in their offices, organize, prepare, unchain revolutions. He opened the columns of his paper to them. He compromised himself that he might give them the advantages of his political impunity. He wanted them to profit by his eloquent renown and, as far as possible, by his Sorbonne diplomas, so that their elementary school follies should not appear too contemptible. At the same time, he encouraged them by his support, his protection, his agreement with them.

The Radicals, who rule us, begin to perceive the danger caused to the State by this general Confederation of Labor, which, under color of care for the interests of the working-classes promotes a policy of revolt. As a matter of fact they were obliged to revolt, even to shed blood, before they could acquire the right degree of distrust. Did they not see the Citizen Jaurès—on the one hand the omnipotent counsellor of the Combes ministry, on the other the comrade of the Confederation? The Citizen Jaurès has been the delusive intermediary between a legitimate government and a scandalous anarchy. It is under shelter of his ingenious sophisms that the greenhorn Radicals have hobnobbed without wanting to, without knowing it, with the Anarchists. And he himself—did he suspect that this was so? Only

dimly. This sorry philosopher has, practically speaking, all the drawbacks of a jerry-builder of systems—or, rather (for if we study the theories of our sociologists, we shall not find that they contain a single idea which can be ascribed to him) an amateur of systems. He is ignorant of concrete reality; he has no notion of the effect of arguments rashly proffered to the mob; he never thinks of the detestable actions which will embody them; of the consequences, nay of the perversions, which will change them into crime. And that is why men of action, even the most stupid, make a great impression upon him.

He is timid, and he is afraid of growing more so. He does not dare set a bound to the number of his chimeras. He fears to be accused of cowardice in debate. And so he goes farther and farther, perhaps in the hope that he will not be asked to go farther still. He is asked and he goes.

It must be remembered what he was at the time of the Hervéist epidemic, when that inept citizen, Gustave Hervé, promulgated his criminal, his anti-patriotic insanities and proclaimed his desire to plant the flag of France on a dunghill. The Citizen Jaurès would have given much not to follow the formidable madman who was leading him. But he had no energy to resist, or to get away, and he allowed himself to be dragged onwards. All the same he himself was getting farther. Little by little, just as earlier in the day he had grown out of Moderate views and taken up smarter opinions, so now he let himself be pushed into Socialism, then into Collectivism, then into Revolutionary Trades-unionism—talking all the time and perorating, while each doctrine forced upon him was adorned in turn with his fine, redundant phrases.

This forward march he accomplished as men accomplish a retreat, because

they lack courage. Being the sophist that he is, he does not know how to establish a definite, clear-cut line of demarcation between certain ideas and certain others; those on the one hand acceptable, those on the other not so. His powers of rhetoric and debate have furnished him with abundance of fine shades, shot-colors like those on the neck of a dove, colors such as were once the favorite symbol of the old Sceptics, colors which have served to help him pass from the one set of ideas to the other.

From tint to tint, he has come to the blood-red of the most savage foes of the State. They use him as an advertisement, and they are right; for he it is who is their authoritative protector, their tutelary friend. Will he ever feel that it is not right to encourage fools in their folly, and that when doctrines become crimes, responsibility falls upon him who has extolled them—even as he has done by his babble, the chatter of a mandarin who has fallen into demagoguery?

And this is the great man of parliamentary Socialism. I do not say that he is the great master of Socialism; no, the absurd inanity of his doctrines puts him far below a real theoretician like Jules Guesde. But in the Chamber and among the intrigues of the daily life of politics, he is certainly the first of the Socialists. This predominant position is due to his extreme facility of speech; to his southern gift of the gab; to his middle-class tact which, at all events, has had a little elementary education. And if we are to put the right finishing touch to his portrait, we are bound to emphasize once more the eminent weakness of his character, the obligingness of his disposition, his moral and intellectual pusillanimity. And behind him what a band!—a band of screamers. They have "unified" themselves; they have condemned to "Independence" (which means, in plain

terms, to Radicalism) whoever should refuse the vigorous discipline of the party. From that point of view they are strongly grouped; with disturbing energy they have built up a massive front. Their following, few in number but compact, is forcible in attack and solid in defence. They have not as yet been even shaken. They have a programme, which I need not here epitomize, but which is that of the working man's anti-patriotic, anti-capitalistic Internationalism. They know no compromise and they are formidable.

Such is the situation of French party politics to-day. To sum up: a Right which no longer counts, an enormous Radical majority, a very resolute Socialist minority.

Thus situated, between an impotent Right and an extreme Left which cannot boast numbers on its side, the Radical party might govern. And in the absence of a Right which is almost crushed out, it might represent resistance—the indispensable resistance—to the Socialist minority. To tell truth, it would willingly do so. Since it has gained—and kept—power, it has not been slow to acquire certain comforts of existence which it would rather like to have the chance of enjoying. It is a good old party of parvenus, no longer of the age or in the humor for practical jokes, but quite disposed to take a pleasant rest. It is a middle-class party. It would be as happy as possible in dressing-gown and carpet slippers, twirling its thumbs round and round and round against the portly figure that it has made for itself.

Impossible! But why should it be impossible? There is a considerable party which, by degrees, has increased in the country and in Parliament, until it has formed an incontestable majority. It had a programme of republican reforms, of democratic education, of systematic secularization. It has realized its reforms. It is in power.

Why, then, these measures being passed, cannot it govern this country under the republican and democratic and secular conditions which it has itself imposed? If the Radical programme were a good one, now that the Radical programme has fulfilled itself there would be nothing more to do than to live according to the principles of Radicalism triumphant. What could be more logical? And with the Radicals henceforth at rest, the country could take its repose. It badly needed repose. The reforms which have incessantly been forced down its throat have tired it; the Radical victory was not won without worrying it for a good quarter of a century. Then why on earth do not the Radicals, as well as the poor country, inaugurate a period of calm?

Because of those ominous Socialists. But the Socialists are in a minority. That is true, but it is a minority which is constantly increasing in power and one which must be mistrusted. And then—and then—the Radicals are cowardly. If they were not, they could govern in quiet; they could well resist the fanatics of the extreme Left. It would be their duty. But they are frightened. They feel that on their Left they have a young and ardent party, detesting them, free from any scruples, a party much like what they were themselves, they, the Radicals, some fifteen or twenty years ago. They ought to show a better front, and the threats of the Socialist party ought to rouse their energy. But they are so lily-livered that they yield.

That is not all; they are, besides, the lamentable victims of a sophism which is corrupting the whole of French politics and which should be put in a clear light. This dangerous sophism consists in thinking that government means the fabrication of reforms. Our country, in the careless hands of its rulers, is like a fine majestic cathedral which, at

some moment or other, stood in need of repairs. The repairs are finished—the cathedral can be let alone. Not at all. These good people cannot make up their minds to take away the scaffolding. They *must* produce repairs, and those for which they had drawn up an estimate once completed, they pull down something new so that they may still have work. They pull down parts of the noble building; they even pull down the repairs that they have just made. If they go on like this there will be nothing left of the cathedral—nothing but a horrid stonemason's yard full of demented masons.

Of old, the word politics meant the overthrow of ministries. A cabinet fell every moment. These tumbles were the favorite form of exercise of, say, the Clémenceaus, until the moment when, grown old in their turn, they installed themselves snugly in power. Nowadays we have ministries that last for three years. And every one bears with them so long as they fabricate reforms.

Reforms, reforms! There seems no question of anything else; more especially no question of administering the country well and justly, according to its customs and its laws. The mass of voters has been gradually persuaded to advertise reforms. The Socialists loudly proclaim that reforms are not enough for them. They definitely want a revolution. They profess a splendid scorn of reforms. Meanwhile they live upon reforms; no sooner have they swallowed one dose than they ask for more.

And what, in the middle of all this, becomes of the Radicals? They are terribly bored. Even their great quandary would be amusing if it had not such grievous consequences for the country that they govern so badly. And this is the quandary: they are required to fabricate reforms. What reforms? They have none left. Those

that were once inscribed upon their programme are all accomplished. Poor souls, they have no programme now.

But if this be really so, why do they not refuse to fabricate reforms? Short of a programme, have they not a majority? Alas! the poor souls are themselves convinced of the need of reforms. They share the general dizziness which has seized the politics of France. They, like the rest, believe that government means fabricating reforms. And after that? Well then, after that, they must fabricate Socialistic reforms, that is all.

This seems like a paradox, but it is the exact truth. We are indeed spectators at this strange, this ridiculous show. The Radicals have no worse enemies than the Socialists. And the Socialists are only bent upon taking the Radicals' place in full parliamentary sunshine. The Socialists hate them and laugh at them without pity. There is not a Socialistic meeting at which the Radical party is not turned into ridicule. As far as voting goes, the battle is waged by the Radicals on one side and the Socialists on the other. It is a raging battle, of vital import to the Radicals. The Socialists cannot cease to treat the Radicals as enemies. They dream of destroying, of supplanting them. The Radicals, for their part, cannot cease to hate the Socialists. First of all for the reason I have just urged, and, besides that, because the Socialists' principles are, by their nature, antipathetic to the Radical character. The Radicals are, in general, opulent middle-class men, or at all events men in easy circumstances; they experience no need to share their possessions. They have made themselves a very agreeable nest under present social conditions, and they do not feel the slightest desire to see the upheaval of a society which, however imperfect, is pleasant and generous to themselves. They are no longer, as they once were,

the champions of disorder; they do not want to let anarchy turn everything around them topsy-turvy. In short—and this at least is to their credit—they are not anti-patriotic. Some among their chiefs once belonged to the Gambettist group, and they still keep a little—a very little—of the nationalistic fervor that inspired their master. To them, the internationalism of the Socialists is really an object of disgust. Such appears to be the keen and mutual hostility between the Socialists and the Radicals. In spite of which the Radicals spend their time in bringing in Socialistic reforms. It seems absurd, but it is so.

The most recent of the Radical ministries have devoted their zeal to four measures of reform: the purchase of the railways, old-age pensions, the income-tax, and the organization of Revolutionary Trade Unions.

These four measures are eminently socialistic, as I shall now try to show.

The purchase of the railways represents the first attempt of the State to lay hands upon the larger kind of industry. Our various railway lines have hitherto been exploited by private companies. But the State has now got hold of the *Ouest* and has an eye on the other companies. A natural outcome of socialistic tyranny. And why do the Socialists want the railways to belong to the State? They are the thin end of the wedge. After the railways will come the mines, and then the rest. What all this makes for is the suppression of private industries and their conversion into industries of the State. Instances abound to show that the State, in France at least, is never a good employer of labor. What does that matter? Universal "Statization," as they call it, is the especial aim of the Socialists. So the Radicals against their own principles and according to those of the Socialists, have inaugurated industrial "Statization."

As for old-age pensions, they mean that the State takes charge of aged working men. The State, then, puts itself in the place of individual foresight and of private charity.

The income-tax also brings nothing but perpetual State intervention in personal affairs. It is a form of administrative harrying raised to the level of a regular institution. The State must needs get to know the capitalized fortune and the annual earnings of each of its citizens. Our daily avocations must, forsooth, be submitted to the investigations of the tax-collector. An employer of labor is interested in concealing the fluctuations of his business—the moment's rise or fall in his profits. The system cried up by the Socialists and clumsily adopted by the Radicals will inevitably end by trammelling and hindering private enterprise. But, after all, that is just what the Socialists want, for when private industry shall have become impossible, the State will become the universal employer of labor. The taxing of income and the purchase of the railways thus prove to be two kindred processes tending towards the same end—the seizure by the State of all the fruitful initiative of a country—the conversion of labor into a State monopoly. And as far as individuals are concerned, the secret intention of our Socialism is the same; the income-tax puts them under direct supervision from the State, just as old-age pensions make over their old age to the State. And after the old people, the State will lay hands on the children. The adults, through the revolutionary trade-union system, are already subject to a definitely Socialistic organization.

It is just this policy of Revolutionary Trade Unions which has best enabled us to watch the imprudent Radicals play the game of the Socialists without knowing it. It was their vote which brought in the law creating

Trade Unions. There was, it was then said, no question of anything but professional associations which, by means of a lawful exercise of the right to strike, could take in hand the corporate interests of working-men. For the rest, the law did not authorize any federation of these associations and, besides, it reserved the right to form Trade Unions only for certain kinds of employee. The Socialists accepted what was given them, sure as they were of getting more. And that was what happened; without waiting for permission from the law, the Revolutionary Trade Unions bound themselves ever closer one to the other, until they formed that alarming asset of the Labor party, the general Confederation of Labor, which more than once has checkmated the public safety. And, next to legal Unions were added illegal ones, the Unions of civil servants for example. The law was precise enough on this point. It forbade public officials the right to belong to Trade Unions—a right which, as its natural corollary, would also bring the right to strike. The law was justified; the strike of the State officials brought with it the sudden interruption of the public service. It was proved but too clearly the other day, when the post and telegraph office functionaries refused to work. For some time France found herself cut off from the whole world, without any possible means of communication. Imagine what it would have been if, in the middle of these doings, war had broken out. France would have been invaded and, tied hand and foot, would have been delivered over to whosoever had a mind to take her. For in spite of law, Trade Unions of officials actually exist, with the knowledge and within sight of the State; they are not even careful to disguise themselves, and they go so far as to act in public with singular violence and with revolutionary exasperation. A

sovereign affirmation of the socialistic will. And what did the Radicals do to suppress this movement? Armed with the law—their law—did they demolish that hearth of insurrection, the general Confederation of Labor? Far from it. They were, on the contrary, observed to be most indulgent towards it, most kind and most paternal. Need we be astonished? When the Radical, M. Clémenceau, became Prime Minister, he hastened to appoint a Labor Minister; and whom did he choose? The Citizen Viviani, a colleague of the Citizen Jaurès, a Unified Socialist, the comrade, the benevolent counsellor of the members of the Confederation. Armed with the law—their law—did the Radicals at any rate put an end to those civil servants' Unions which are such a terrible danger? Far from it. On the contrary, they, so to speak, acknowledged them. When the strike of the post and telegraph Office was in full swing, M. Clémenceau, President of the Council, received a deputation from their Union. They presented themselves officially, as the delegates of an illegal Union, and they were received as such. After that, what hinders them from imposing their wills? The civil servants' Unions enjoy an illicit but solid existence, according to the Socialists' desire and with the flaccid acquiescence of the Radicals.

Thus it is that I may hope to have established the statement that I made some pages back, that France is governed by the Radicals. True, but by a queer kind of Radicals, who make for nothing but Socialism; or, in other words, the politics of this country are fashioned by the Socialist minority.

It is a serious matter. To prove that it is not so serious, the optimists assert that the Socialist party is not the party of disorder. Does not Socialism present itself as the doctrine of social organization, and ought not Socialism to

be regarded as the exact opposite of anarchy?

Certainly — theoretically speaking; but practically speaking—no. At all events not in France. It is easy enough to be convinced of this if one thoroughly examines the attitude assumed in these last few years by the man whom I have pointed out as the parliamentary representative of Unified Socialism, the Citizen Jaurès. I have shown him moving ever further to the Left, till at length he has made common cause with the leaders of Revolutionary Unionism, with the anti-patriots and the insurrectionists of the Confederation of Labor. He is the friend of the Anarchists. When all is said, those who see him form the like alliances can hardly refrain from branding French Socialism with the name of the party of disorder.

The Citizen Jaurès—and with him the whole of Unified Socialism—has a tendency which makes itself unfortunately felt in French politics to-day. I shall call it the fear of not looking advanced enough. I leave out the few members of the Right who encamp themselves inside their own ideas and never budge from them. This haughty obstinacy of theirs makes them keep apart and they have not any influence. But the rest, all the rest, of them migrate more and more towards the Left. Think of all the Moderates who are turning Radicals, of all those Radicals of yesterday who think it indispensable to add the epithet of the moment to their title, and who, motley-wise, call themselves Radical Socialists; of all the Radicals of every description who bring in, or vote for, Socialistic reforms; and, finally, of all the Socialists who work for the Anarchists of the Confederation. It is the same sentiment which induces a Cochery, once a Moderate and a colleague of M. Méline, to take office in the Cabinet of the Socialist, or, if you would rather, the Radical,

Briand; which impels a Radical Clémenceau to form a Ministry which does not exclude Socialists; or a Unified Socialist, Jaurès, to flirt with the Confederation of Labor. If we examined in detail the biographies of our principal politicians, we should find that they were like the nomads who wandered from country to country driving their flocks before them, never staying in one place and never retracing their steps. Our politicians have travelled after this fashion, as forgetful of last night's opinions as pastoral tribes are of the encampments they have forsaken. Thus they have moved on towards the West—I mean towards the Left—more or less quickly, some of them very agile, others dawdling behind. But, leaders or laggards, they will nearly all of them get as far as the last confines of the lowest demagoguery.

What is the matter with them? What strange fascination compels them? Or are they the dupes of a mirage, these light-minded travellers, unembarrassed by the baggage of their convictions? Or are they the prey of some contagious form of lunacy? Or are they giving in to the puerile vagaries of morbid intellectual snobbishness? No man can say. But they march on and hordes follow them. Whither will they be led, these poor hordes of imbeciles who have started on such a dangerous journey?

There is not a single manifestation of human activity which cannot be referred to a philosophy, even if, maybe, the active force that has been spent knows nothing of it, and has never formulated its principles—has never even thought of them at all. As for our politicians, it would be flattering and fruitless to question them about the conception of the world in which they put their faith. Alas! Yet without their wishing, without their suspecting it, what they do supposes some doctrine. Let us try to disentangle this

doctrine, and let us ask ourselves what it is worth, both intrinsically and from a practical point of view.

I should not like to offend the memory of Heracitus by inflicting such disciples upon him, but their perpetual motion is, doubtless, to be referred to some philosophy of development. "Everything is motion," said the great dreamer, and he would not admit that anything could ever stand still. His Cosmos knew no more rest than does the society now led by such idealism as belongs to our politicians. Only Heracitus's development theory has a quality too purely metaphysical to allow of our statesmen's minds following it. Their philosophy is more like evolution. As far as that goes, I should dislike offending the great Darwin as much as I should dislike offending Heracitus, but then Darwin, the most cautious of men, would have detested the idea of evolution which they have so chaotically adopted. They have terribly misinterpreted evolution and they take Darwin's name in vain.

This neo-Darwinism—we had rather say this pseudo-Darwinism—has had the worst, the least legitimate influence upon the political ideas, still more upon the methods and social credulity of the day. If it be granted that human societies are constantly evolving, the friends of perpetual change will find in this admission a great deal of encouragement for their fad. They are wrong, because evolution follows slow and modest curves that by no means authorize the jerky agitations of these hurried individuals. All the same, nobody will ever succeed in holding in a keen-minded "bounder," who takes undue but energetic advantage of this universal evolution.

If it be admitted that evolution brings itself about by the lucky occurrence of "happy accidents," then we have the philosophic—or so-called philosophic—basis of an undaunted opti-

mism. Our mob agitators will feel that every one of their actions, even the most brutal, helps on general progress and champions a beneficent evolution. They would anyhow agitate in all directions; now they will agitate still more. This optimism may truly be regarded as one of the dangers of the hour. It excites the revolutionaries—good people upon whom a little pessimism would act as a wholesome sedative.

Inspired by so much hope, our masters, the pseudo-Darwinists, are not content to look on at the continuous evolution of social institutions. They claim to help it forward. They are afraid that, without them, things will not go quick enough. They are pessimists, even to excess, as far as the actual present is concerned. All their optimism is invested in the future. Hence their great sense of haste—for they are in a desperate hurry. Bad philosophers that they are, they invoke the inevitable efficacy of a natural law and imagine that to its rigorous, its fatal action, they can presume to add the caprice of their poor personal initiative.

If, too, it be admitted that the regular mechanical evolution of to-day brings with it certain forms of existence which, by virtue of a stringent necessity, replace such other old forms of existence as have speedily been dismissed as superannuated, the result must inevitably be that many things still seaworthy, still valiant, and even, maybe, useful, are relegated by our "men of progress" to the dead past. Our Socialists show incredible facility in condemning as archaic all ideas that do not agree with their own, and in declaring them retrograde and antiquated. All this is absurdity itself. If the doctrine of evolution, as interpreted in scandalous and innocent bad faith, did not pledge our politicians to look upon everything outside their own dream of the moment as merely a piece

of the dead past, one could easily imagine that a people, or its intelligent representatives, might search the amassed experience of that past for the forms of existence, the processes of government and general means of adaptation that have yielded the best results, and that they would reinstate them for new uses. But with our pseudo-Darwinists this is quite impossible! If some one happens to speak favorably to them of anything that is not their vague Utopia, you would think that they were holding a colloquy with some fossil from a region far, far away from ours—some deep-down region that our own soil has covered up and buried for good and all.

A capitalistic society—of the past. Every tax that is not the "progressive" income-tax—of the past. The army, the navy, all that national organization which constitutes national expenditure—of the past. And the future? It is International Collectivism. Could anything be simpler?

These people live wholly in the future. And so they must, of course, invent a future. This is what, with imperturbable imagination, they effect. But their dream, it must be owned, is a little wanting in clearness. There are times when the Citizen Jaurès is asked to be so kind as to trace his plan of that City of the Future whither he desires to lead us. The request is legitimate. Since he demands that we should sacrifice all our present to his hypothesis, he owes it to us to tell us exactly to what it is that we are making this extraordinary burnt-offering. But on that point our embarrassed prater is silent. His dream of the future merely consists of the opposite to what displeases him to-day. He and his are never even asked if they know whether this "opposite" is practicable. For instance, they have a horror of religion, of inequality, of patriotism, and so the City of the Future will be exempt from

any religion; and by that I do not mean from such and such a particular creed, but exempt from any idealism whatever. In the City of the Future all men will be equal; indeed, they will not only be equal—so they hope—but alike. And last, not least, the City of the Future will have no frontiers.

It is easy enough to decide all that. But an arbitrary assertion does not imply warranted reality. And, in point of fact, history impels us to see that no human society can flourish without some form of idealism. Will there be any in the future? No man knows. But what makes me think there will be none, is the evidence that I cannot help seeing that the apostles of this future, the Socialists, are the most religious of men. They persecute the Christians and affect to despise all the Churches; but yet, in their ideal of the future, they show a kind of mystic confidence. They adore a great and vague mystery—vague and just a little foolish.

For, whatever be proclaimed concerning the equality of all men, no one can prevent them from being unequal. Caste has been abolished; now men are making-believe to abolish class into the bargain; they are also drawing up superb declarations of individuality. But individualities are unequal in strength, in beauty, in skill, in genius. We may deplore this truth; we cannot help it. Has the Citizen Jaurès found an equal among the crowd that follows at his heels? If he should find one, he would be ruined. He might argue that this is so now, but that it will not be so hereafter. Hereafter? Who knows about "hereafter"?—and meanwhile the solid fact is there.

And it is a fact, too, that countries with frontiers exist. They threaten each other; nor can I note a single sign which allows me to imagine that even in Europe there will be a slackening of national desires. We have a Peace party in France, larger than I should

wish. Where can they see such promise of universal benignity as would authorize them to disarm their country? There were in Europe two great pillars of the Peace party: the Czar of Russia and our Radical Government. Hardly had the Czar assembled his amicable Congress at the Hague when Japan forced him into a war from which Russia is still bleeding. And our Radical Government brought us within two inches of a war with Germany which might have been fraught with disaster.

What is the conclusion? That the politics of to-day in France have lost all equilibrium. Of the two opposed forces which should counter-balance

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one another, if the nation is to enjoy the tranquil social condition which results from an equal contest, the one, the principle of resistance, is reduced to nothing. And so our country allows itself to be dragged heedlessly towards the mystery of an undetermined future. It takes a dizzy course; nor dare we feel confident that its end will not be the gulf of death.

Blinded by their vision of Utopia, our masters have lost the simple notion of concrete realities, of those imperious circumstances, those inevitable conditions in the midst of which all must dwell, nations as well as individuals.

André Beaunier.

ON WRITING POT-BOILERS.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire." Yet a scholar or author of international distinction may come to depend on the Royal Literary Fund, while a jockey is assessed by the Income-tax collectors at £10,000 a year. Not until he was sixty had Southey a sufficient balance at the bank to meet his expenses for a year in advance. "For a man really intent to do a man's work in literature in these times," declared Carlyle, "I should say that even with the highest talent he might have to be fed oftentimes, like Elijah, by the ravens; and if his talent, though real, was not very high, he might easily see himself cut off from wages altogether; all men saying to him, 'The thing you have to offer us is, in the supply and demand market, worth nothing whatever.'" The experience of men whose work was finished only a few years ago teaches the same lesson. To the young writer with artistic ideals, R. L. Stevenson gives this warning: "What you may decently expect, if you have some talent and much industry, is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth,

or perhaps a twentieth, of your nervous output." Stevenson himself received about £30 for the serial rights of *Treasure Island*, and was honestly delighted when offered £100 for its publication as a volume. In 1883, when he was thirty-three years of age, his annual income passed for the first time the £300 mark. John Addington Symonds found that his entire earnings while he was working on his history of the Italian Renaissance were at the rate of about £100 a year, about half of which went to pay the incidental expenses of books and travel. Grant Allen was left £50 out of pocket by his *Physiological Aesthetics*. At the end of ten years his *Colour Sense* had brought him from £25 to £30, on which he remarked: "As it took me only eighteen months, and involved little more than five or six thousand references, this result may be regarded as very fair pay for an educated man's time and labor, and should warrant the reproach of thoughtless critics for deserting the noble pursuit of science in favor of fiction and filthy lucre." The Rev. J. G. Wood, perhaps the leading

representative in his day of the naturalist of the Gilbert White and Charles Waterton type, was constantly overworked and underpaid, and to the end of his life had to sit at his desk as early as half-past four or five in the morning. The fact is that in intellectual labor, especially of a scientific or artistic order, the relation of the market demand to the quality of the product is more nearly accidental than in any other kind of activity. There is room at the top, no doubt—room, but not always food and shelter. While a popular novelist or playwright may gain a rich and speedy reward, only in rare instances can a poet, let us say, or a philosopher expect satisfactory financial returns from his books, and the few who have come into the sunshine of public favor at last have had first to spend long years in the shadow.

The emphatic advice of Coleridge, "Never pursue literature as a trade," has often been echoed by experts in the things of the mind. Many and diverse occupations have been pursued by men who have sought in them the means of a literary career. Besant was Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Stedman was a banker and stockbroker and Blackmore was a market gardener. The Civil Service has clothed and fed not a few skilful practitioners of the craft of authorship. Such employments as these seem to fulfil the conditions laid down by Coleridge when, in his "affectionate exhortation to the youthful *literati*," he advised the undertaking of "some regular employment which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far mechanically that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge." Not all of them yield the advantage of absolute freedom from anxiety about a livelihood, for while Government posts and some others are permanent and safe,

the Stock Exchange certainly has its ups and downs, and market gardening its good and bad seasons. The distinctive feature of these occupations is not so much their stability as the escape they offer a man from the need of adjusting the use of his highest gifts to mercantile considerations; the freedom they give him from the obligation to turn his most delicate powers to an immediately remunerative account.

As a rule, however, the brainworker finds it most convenient to earn his bread by some kind of popular writing or speaking. If he has any "knack" of self-expression and the exercise of his pen is congenial to him, the newspapers and magazines offer a ready opportunity for gaining at any rate a living wage. Perhaps he has amassed a considerable amount of material on particular subjects of study: if so, the Press and the lecture platform give him a chance of utilizing some of it without a severe strain on his capacity for original thought. Either journalism or lecturing can be profitably pursued without the surrender of one's whole time to it, whereas neither business nor any of the traditional professions permits alternate days off. If there is the additional handicap of ill-health, writing is almost the only available resource. When deploring the smallness of his income, Stevenson frankly recognized that he would be worse off still if he were to turn in any other direction. "I console myself," he said, "with this, that if I were anything else under God's heaven, and had the same crank health, I should make an even zero." Certainly, no other employment could be followed so intermittently. "As it is," he continued, "I have to tinker at my things in little sittings; and the rent, or the butcher, or something is always calling me off to rattle up a pot-boller. And then comes a back-set of my health, and I have to twiddle my fingers and play patience."

Before discussing this topic in detail, it may be worth while to call attention to one necessary distinction. Everything that fills a man's pot and boils it is not, technically speaking, a "pot-boiler." The poet or novelist is not pot-boiling when he serves his Majesty at the Board of Trade from ten to four daily, or when he disposes of his fruit and vegetables at a profit, or when he earns a commission by the sale of railway shares. Nor again can you speak of journalism as pot-boiling when it is deliberately chosen as a life-work on account of its attraction as an opportunity of influencing public opinion, and when it is strenuously pursued, year in year out, with something of the responsibility of a sacred calling. In such cases it is not an avocation but a vocation. The term "pot-boiling" is conventionally reserved for the exercise by a student or author of his special gifts or acquirements not to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, or to make known a revelation that he cannot keep to himself, but simply to earn his own livelihood by satisfying a popular demand. This definition rules out market-gardening and the like as excursions into another realm. It also rules out the activities of such men as E. L. Godkin and W. T. Arnold. Their newspaper writing was not a by-product, but the staple of a seriously chosen career. They gave their lives to journalism not simply because they had to earn something, but because they had something to say which could be most effectively uttered by this means. Their spirit was best represented by Arnold's own favorite dictum that for a man who wanted to get things done there was no work like journalism. In the same way when a historian or biologist spends part of his time in coaching or extension lecturing in order that the rest of it may be devoted to his researches, these subsidiary functions must obviously be classified under the

heading of pot-boiling. He teaches in order that he may have time and money for study. The educational enthusiast, on the other hand, studies that he may teach; he regards teaching as the one thing in the world which it is a privilege to be allowed to do, and therefore rejoices if he is permitted to give his didactic impulses full play without having to divert any of his energies into some less fascinating pursuit.

Now when a man who has it in him to do good intellectual work frankly recognizes the conditions of his impecuniosity and accepts a place in the competing crowd, what are the risks he has to face? The necessity of working *invita Minerva* is not, after all, a ground for much sympathy. The artistic temperament is prone in any case to need some spur to exertion, and a certain violence must be wrought on the will for the production of anything, whether pot-boiler or masterpiece. Human nature is ordinarily so lazy that, for most people, some other stimulus to industry would have to be found if the pressure of narrow means were lacking. To be driven to work when one would rather be idle is a wholesome compulsion, over which no tears should be wasted. At the same time any one who writes for a living is bound to suffer at times from the need of taking up the pen when his disinclination to be strenuous is due, not to dawdling habits, but to sheer weariness or ill-health. He is not permitted to reserve himself for those days when he feels brisk and fresh, but must encounter his daily task when every paragraph means a fight against physical reluctance. It is not a slothful but an exhausted brain that has to be whipped into activity, and the exercise of a stimulus under these conditions is good neither for the man nor for his work. An unfit producer must often mean a dull product.

This handicap, of course, means in-

finitely more to some men than to others. But even the strongest is exposed to the drawback next to be mentioned, namely, that the writer of pot-boilers is not allowed time enough to achieve something that will satisfy his own standards. He is compelled both to begin and to finish prematurely. He must stint his task both in the preparation and in the execution. He cannot afford to undertake the special investigations or the extensive subsidiary reading that he would feel to be necessary if he were attempting a really valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. Hamerton tells us in his *Intellectual Life* of a wealthy friend who gives a whole summer to the examination of three or four acres of mountain ground: the tangible result is comprised in a few memoranda which, considered as literary material, might (in the hands of a skilled professional writer) just possibly be worth five pounds. The most forlorn creature in Grub Street, Old or New, could not support existence at that rate. Elsewhere in the same book Hamerton points the same moral by reference to a critic who is to get £3 10s. for a book review. That sum will not repay him for devoting a whole week to consulting authorities and making laborious researches. "Is it not much easier to string together a few phrases which will effectually hide his ignorance from everybody but the half-dozen enthusiasts who have mastered the subject of the book?" Here comes in the danger of quackery. The hack-writer is exposed day by day to the temptation of pronouncing confidently on matters which he would not dare to discuss in the presence of an expert. The habit grows, and by-and-by his pseudo-omniscience, cultivated merely for professional purposes, may become so much a part of him that he almost loses the very capability of distinguishing knowledge from sciolism. Mr. J. R. Green

was once lodging in the same house with a man who had been paid £50 for a hand-book to London, written in less than a fortnight. Imagine what Green's own work would have been worth in the end if he had spent a few years in turning out a series of descriptive manuals of that type. Bishop Creighton warned one of his old pupils against a similar peril in the attractive occupation of extension lecturing. A little knowledge, he pointed out, goes a great way among ignorant people, and the lecturer who too readily adjusts his own utterances to the standard of a popular audience will presently lose the very capacity for raising it.

But what makes the pot-boiler an inferior article is not only the rawness of its beginning but the crudeness of its finish. Even though there were nothing wanting in the collection of material, it would still be impossible to take adequate pains about its selection and arrangement, or about the fit expression of what should be said. Stevenson contrasts with the journalist's feverishness the unhastening processes of the literary artist. "Unconscious thought there is the only method: macerate your subject, let it boil slow, then take the lid off and look in—and there your stuff is, good or bad." Mr. J. M. Barrie has come to very much the same conclusion. "Some hold," he says, "that journalism ruins a literary man's style, but that is probably not the case if he has much style to lose. The danger is rather that, finding journalism comparatively so remunerative and so easy, he cannot compel himself to give literature the laborious hours it calls for." With all that is said of the editor's difficulty in finding room for the "copy" that he would like to publish if space permitted, it remains true that the conditions of journalism encourage a writer to spread himself out thin. When he is paid at so much per thousand words it is to his

interest to cultivate the art of stretching out a paragraph until it fills a column. His skill is most remunerative when it enables him to express a single idea in a number of different verbal forms. Restraint, compression, discrimination are not worth while. It does not pay to tarry, like Sentimental Tommy in the examination, for the one apt word. Sometimes it does not pay even to avoid dissonances or false syntactical concords. For enduring literary work there should be no limit of time but rigid boundaries of space: in journalism, on the other hand, redundancy is a venial offence as long as heed is given to the warning stroke of the clock. Hence the new and growing habit of dictation to a shorthand secretary, a practice that is fatal to any hope of acquiring or retaining a careful style. It is reported that some business men in America are trying to evade responsibility for the inaccuracies and confusions of their correspondence by instructing their type-writing clerks to append to their letters the words, "Dictated, but not re-read." A similar confession would explain much of the slovenly writing that appears in the daily and even the weekly press. Most of the blunders that *Punch* delights to pillory—e.g., "Lord Kelvin's inventions, notably that of his invaluable mariner's compass, were almost innumerable"—would have been impossible if there had been the slightest attempt at revision, either in manuscript or in proof. Obviously the compulsion to earn one's livelihood by producing against time a maximum quantity of printable matter, with little opportunity of taking pains about it, tends to debase not merely one's ideals of style but one's working standard.

The risk of inducing slovenly habits is not the only defect of the pot-boiler. It is a commonplace that a skilful author of short stories may fall as a nov-

elist. In addition to the architectonic difference—the difference of scale on which the work has to be laid out—sometimes the very qualities that help to make the short story successful may hinder the effectiveness of the full-length novel. Brilliancy of dialogue, for instance, which gives life and interest to a tale of four or five pages, becomes wearisome if continued without relief for four or five hundred. In the same way, Mr. J. R. Green discovered, when he had gone far in the preparation of his *History*, that his experience in writing "middles" was in some respects a positive disadvantage to him. It was not that he had fallen into slipshod ways. Some of his sketches of mediæval towns, in particular, were models of scholarly and sympathetic description, and well deserved the compliment that was paid them of collection in a permanent volume. But when a considerable section of the first draft of the *History* was already in type, he felt, so one of his biographers relates, that the style of the earlier chapters was too much in the eager, quick "point-making" manner of these articles, and was not appropriate to a work that was intended to give a continuous account of the development of English life. Accordingly he cancelled a great deal of what had already been stereotyped, and proceeded to rewrite it, setting himself with rare courage to the labor of recreating his whole style. The wisdom of Green's self-denying ordinance may perhaps best be gauged by comparing the result with some other histories in which every page bears the mark of the leader-writer.

But in such matters as these the recognition of the ambushes of the enemy is half the battle. The risk of contentment with a low standard of knowledge is a very real one when a man is compelled to begin producing before he has had time for minute research or even for verifying his refer-

ences. Yet the example of some other occupations shows that the defect of an inevitable superficiality may in some measure be mitigated. When a Cabinet Minister makes an important deliverance in Parliament or on the platform, has he really mastered the whole subject with the thoroughness of an expert? Does the barrister wait to steep himself in all the material bearing upon his case before he ventures into court? Life is short, and few of us can prepare for its most important decisions as methodically as the Cambridge professor who exhausted the literature of marriage before coming to the conclusion that on the whole he would probably be happier by taking a wife. The pot-bolling journalist has the same means of defence as the politician or the lawyer against the blurring of the distinction between first-hand and second-hand knowledge. He may be careful, in the things he has to take on trust, to depend on authorities of the better class. If he had to borrow his archæology or his astronomy from a popular hand-book, he can at any rate make sure that the primer he consults is the work of an expert, and not of a mere compiler. (The writing of such hand-books, by the way, is sometimes a profitable variety of pot-bolling.) Further, as he is not, presumably, entirely occupied in writing pot-boilers, but is following during part of his time some study which only the limitation of his income prevents him from cultivating with the whole of his energies, he can at least make this study serve him as a safeguard against a too compliant habit of mind. Within this region he can exercise the self-discipline of the true scholar, and can earn the right to speak with authority by paying the one price by which this qualification may be purchased. By reserving even a corner of one's life for specialism, a great deal can be done to keep up that

intellectual temper to which the practice of writing at short notice on all manner of topics is, in itself, undoubtedly hostile.

As regards execution, too, a similar antiseptic is within reach. If concurrently with the dashing off of hasty columns there is practised the slow composition of careful paragraphs, the danger to style may be met and overcome. As the muscles of the healthy athlete can accommodate themselves to both running and walking, so it is possible for the same "literary hand" to vary its speed in production. There are times when, to satisfy the call of the Press, ideas must be set down just as they come; when not a moment's thought can be spared for the distinction of synonyms, or the adjustment of epithets, or the balancing of clauses; and when the result, accordingly, is not an essay to be pondered, but an article to be skimmed. But, perilous though this kind of work may be to the preservation of a literary conscience, it is not necessarily fatal. The most stately orator may allow himself the usual colloquial freedoms in everyday speech without impairing the dignity of his platform or pulpit style, and the man of letters may contrive, by an occasional effort in which he brings his rare qualities into action, to preserve his sensitiveness of touch in spite of frequent engagements as "our special correspondent." It may be possible also to exercise some choice in the type of article that one undertakes even for an entirely mercenary purpose. Some kinds of work are certainly more prone than others to encourage and foster a slouchy style, and the prudent writer will check the temptation to specialize in that direction. A yet more substantial corrective of slovenliness is, of course, contact with the masters of the art. When James Macdonell was writing his leading articles for a daily paper,

he would sometimes get up, walk to the book-shelves, take down a volume, and read a favorite passage. "He said a fine piece of prose from De Quincey or Heine or Ruskin or Landor or Newman refreshed him."

And, after all, there is this consolation for the over-driven hack, that the history of literature has given dignity even to the pot-boiler. Newman once said, according to Lord Acton's report, that "nothing is fit to be printed that has not been written twice over." Nothing? Not even the *Waverley Novels*? The more rapid method is not always and altogether fatal to distin-

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guished writing. As there are orators who capture their most telling phrases when face to face with an audience, so there are writers to whom the happy thought and the exact word come most readily when the printer is clamoring for copy-slips. At any rate, the demand for high speed in composition saves a man from the over-elaboration, the finicky search for the unconventional, which makes some ingeniously fashioned pages almost unreadable. And, if it comes to that, were not *Hamlet* and *King Lear* pot-boilers?

H. W. Horroill.

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK III.

THE CHANCES OF TOWN.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIDAY AT THE WAR OFFICE. BOYLE GETS HIS CHANCE.

The Irishman lay late after his Wednesday night's bout, but by Thursday noon had his head in a tub and was calling for small beer and steak. Sue glanced fearfully at her master's congested, determined face and trembled; some new impulse was moving him in which she had no part. For the first time since she had known him he was slovenly in his dress; unshorn, unpowdered, loose at the wrists and throat; he sate at his food, forcing it down, with no word for her; then, bidding her be off with the tray, he fell to taking stock of their possessions.

Hers were touched and tossed aside as inadequate; there was no money in the little hoard of childish presents. Her christening mug and a silver spoon, both of Eastern make, he weighed in his hand and gloomed upon—'twas too pitiful a spoil; he put them back for second, and possibly worse thoughts.

To his own belongings. A French repeater with fob-riband and heavy seal was roughly appraised and repouched: he could not part with it, 'twas a part of himself. A case, which Sue saw opened for the first time, contained his service sword, a bright, notched blade, upon which she looked with a tightened throat. Her husband frowned upon it: it should be the last thing to go.

His pistols, then, a pair of wonderful weapons of an exquisite workmanship and finish; again no; he could not part with them. Shutting an eye, he tolsoed a chimney-pot through the grimy pane; dandled the darlings, wiping imaginary specks of dust from the satin sheen of blue barrels, and, muttering, returned them to their box.

His books came next under review: no extensive library, as you may guess, but enough to have opened Sue's eyes: was not his real name upon their fly-leaves? There was *The Compleat Gamester*, printed for J. Hodges of London, *being the Gentleman's Guide to the Play*

of Whist, Ombre, and Quadrille. Next came a 1772 Hoyle, the Dublin edition; and the Edinburgh issue of Sir W. Hope's *Vindication of the True Art of Self-Defence* with his *Proposals to the Hon'ble Members of Parliament for erecting a Court of Honour in Great Britain*, a really fine work with plates, and in fair condition, although fifty years old. The three volumes, and a song-book, which he hastily closed, would bring but a few shillings; these too, each and all, were essentials: he would not know himself without a few such-like trifles. Yes, money he must have. Back went his thoughts to his pistols, his most valuable possessions. These might fetch a good round sum if suitably placed upon the market; but time was needed, nor did he know his London; and finally, where should he replace them when his luck should turn? Something must go. The words recurred with the steady throbbing of an aching head. He sat very still with empty hands for a matter of five minutes, watched in silence by his patient bride, unconscious of fault, but hungering for reconciliation. He did not turn his eyes to her once; he had not kissed her since his waking. At the beginning of his brown-study, he loved her and hated himself, at its end he loved himself and half hated her. He had given place to the devil. Sue should go.

The man was at one of the many crises of a feverish life. He saw that his ace was trumped. No further hope of help from Lord Duddingstone remained to him; nor, if his lordship should choose to exert his influence, was employment to be hoped for at either the War Office or the India House.

"If he speaks he blocks me. I'll speak first," he said, breaking a silence which had lasted an hour, and set himself to make an elaborate toilet. The money was gone, but his

clothes were still presentable. He would play his appearance, his undeniable service record, and his matchless effrontery for all they might be worth to His Majesty's Secretary of State at War; yes, and would play them next day, forestalling a possible embargo by his enemy. Sue had failed him, he would try a last throw with his own hand. So Thursday passed in preparations.

The doors of the inner office opened at last. The latest left of the waiters for interviews arose and uncovered, moistening dry lips and smiling wistfully with some faint hope of catching, if they might, the eye of the minister ere he left for the day.

Mr. Jenkinson, who had succeeded Lord Barrington a month before, looked neither to right nor left as he sauntered forth, hat on head and cane beneath his arm, attending to the set of his ruffles; the privileged caller, who had wasted his afternoon and disappointed the hopes of twenty worthier men, strolled beside him, chatting glibly of far-distant horrors, as stay-at-home warriors are accustomed to do in war-time.

"Better news these, from Clinton, eh? 'Tis the Susquehannah coup over again. Our Loyalists and their savages know their business, eh?"

"What, the Cherry Valley burnings? I swear I am mortally sick of the thing. A cruel piece of—what? 'Only carrying out the Declaration?' Suffolk is a fool and Johnstone something worse (if there be anything worse than a fool, which I doubt). His tampering with their man Reed has done the King's affairs all the harm in the world. I profess I am not squeamish, but these 'extremes of war'—pah! See what a handle they have given to Coke and Rockingham—Burke too."

The careless, high-pitched voices flattened as the men descended the wide

stair. Boyle understood nothing: he was not attending: he stood biting his lip in chagrin at another day wasted. Not the Poets' Poet himself was more keenly sensible of "What hell it is in sulung long to bide." "Twinty years have I sur-rved the Black Cockade—more shame to me father's son!—and at last to foind mesilf tipped over the fall of the yoke and left on the road! An' mesilf a full major, with me cam-peens and hurts to show for ut! Faith, 'tis not so aisy for a poor man to be crossing the Channel in war-time, or, for all they tell us of his uncle's treatment of poor Lally, I'd be thrying if King Louis were not the better pay-master."

After the interval demanded by etiquette, he descended with the rest. A sentry blocked the portal, Mr. Secretary still loitered, the chairs of himself and his friends stopped the way. While demigods exchange parting pinches, the commonalty keeps its distance. Boyle, fretting inwardly, his stomach calling for food, must halt, hat in hand, until the way should be clear.

The minister and his friend, now joined by a third grandee, gesticulated spaciouly at their ease without thought for the inconvenience of lesser mortals. 'Twas hounds now, a match to be run from the Rubbing-House in Newmarket town to the starting-post of the Beacon Course, between a couple of Mr. Meynell's pack and a couple of Mr. Barry's, for five hundred pounds.

"Meynell is training upon legs of mutton, I hear," said the minister, breaking the seal of a letter placed in his hands a moment before by a messenger who was still in view crossing the courtyard. Boyle idly watched the man's back and thought he had seen his liveries somewhere lately.

"That is Old Dud's man for a guinea," wagered a demigod, dropping

glass from eye and swinging his cane by its tassel.

"Two to five I name the business," said the third.

"Pooh, ye saw us bidding," laughed the minister, running an eye over the letter. "But ye'd have lost, for 'tis nothing to do with the Dutch enamels. This old hunks solicits my good offices for a client of his: one Boyle. Now, where have I seen the name? On some minute of Barrington's was it? Or wasn't it, March? Who is this Boyle? An Irishman if I read this aright (he writes ill enough in all conscience), an army man who has suffered a set-back. Now, where on earth?" The speaker held a pinch between finger and thumb in suspense, whilst glancing to left and right for a suggestion in aid of memory. His back was toward the hungry group in the porch.

"I am here, sir—your pardon; but I thought I heard ye call me. Boyle, late of the Forty-first." The Major passed the sentry, advanced a couple of steps, and halted saluting.

It is possible to be too opportune. The man's precipitancy came near to crossing his business. The minister, unused to self-introductions conducted with such absence of formality, stifened frigidly, quizzing his man in an unpromising silence: even when the glass was lowered, the poise of the head, no less than the curves of brow and lip, denoted a certain repugnance, curbed by something, possibly recollections of the writer of the letter still held between his fingers.

"In-deed? And are you the Mr. Boyle of whom my friend—? By the by, are ye personally acquainted with Lord Duddingstone?"

Boyle claimed the acquaintance with frank heartiness. "I was at Duddingstone House within the week, sir; beyond a touch of the gout, his lordship was in his usual health."

"'Tis the excuse he makes for his

penmanship," laughed the minister, half disarmed by this clever parry. He and Duddingstone were rival collectors. The ownership of a pair of cloisonné vases, which had reached London from Tokyo by way of Amsterdam, was in dispute between them: Jenkinson still hoped to be obliged. He turned to his waiting friends, "An affair of a couple of minutes; wait, if you will; or expect me later at Arthur's," then, turning to Boyle, "Will you be pleased to follow me?" he reascended the stair.

The interview was of the shortest. "Have ye any papers?—so," running over Boyle's commission. "Sir, if I recall the circumstance, it has been touch-and-go with you. But your patron thinks well of ye. You served in the Virginias?"

"And at New York, sir; I was wounded at the affair of Long Island, and again at Haarlem Heights, and a thir'd time at the taking of Fort Washington, and——"

"Yes, yes; but it was not wounds which brought ye home, sir, as I read this——" tapping a paper laid before him by a secretary. The minister recognized the gravity of the record, his visage darkened. The clerk turned the page.

"What, more?" he read on and sate in stillness for a few moments, realizing the unfitness of this postulant for service.

"Sir, I did wrong to bid ye to this room. As for my Lord Duddingstone, I must suppose that he knows ye but slightly. I fear there is nothing——" He stripped the feather from a quill. Boyle, but now buoyant upon a rising billow of hope, sickened in the descent.

The minister drew his feet beneath him and cleared his throat to give dismissal, but the clerk submitted yet another paper.

"Still more? Ah! How came this?

—and when? An hour or so since? And why was it kept from me?"

The clerk murmured excuses. Boyle, with amazement, recognized his own memorial, the copy lost by Sue.

The minister did not so much as glance at it, reserving a hesitant displeasure for a scrawled endorsement which he seemed at once to resent and bow to. The quill fared badly at his hands; then, with a clearing brow and a hard smile:

"Sir, my lord duke is pleased to interest himself in you. I can only say ye are happy in your friends" (a touch of malice here). He seemed to relent, but hesitated still, watched mutely by Boyle, who was now blessing Sue in his heart.

"It would appear that ye are a person with a genius for locking the door by which ye wish to enter. America is closed to ye. But it is just upon the cards that I have a billet——" he turned to the clerk. "When do they say St. John can travel?"

"Sir, he died in St. Thomas's Hospital this afternoon," replied the man. The minister, without remarking upon the news, turned to Boyle.

"Could ye start to-morrow? Are ye without encumbrance?"

"I am, my lor'd! and at your honor's commands this minute!" cried Boyle the prompt, the spirit of the gamester with a winning hand shining in his hazel eyes. ("By God, I am a made man, this day!" he was saying to himself, and knew not that sentence had gone forth against him for that moment's perfidy, nor heard the departing wings of his good angel.)

"Ha, we can? Then we will gazette ye to the vacant majority in His Majesty's 10th Hanoverians—Hardenberg's, I believe the fellows prefer to call themselves—a singularly troublesome corps in my judgment, but that

is by the way, and your own unfortunate experiences will aid ye in keeping them in order. They are quartered at Gibraltar. Ye may thank a hackney coachman for this chance. Your predecessor-designate was knocked down on London Bridge no later than yesterday, and I am but just apprised of his death. His predecessor fell in a duel, sir." The speaker's eye was severe; Boyle, who had fancied him a fribble, saw his mistake. Jenkinson was a shrewd, painstaking man of business, whose foible it was to pass as a person of pleasure; he would be Lord Hawkesbury eight years later, and die Lord Liverpool, full of years and honors, the latter more honestly earned than were most of the titles and pensions enjoyed by the servants of King George the Deplorable.

"Yes, sir," continued the minister, after a scrutinizing pause, "here is your last chance. The exigencies of His Majesty's service, the malice of these colonials, a poke with a smallsword, and the ill-driving of a drunken jarvey have set ye upon your feet again. Here"—he scrawled his name with a spluttering quill, the clerk shook sand upon the blots—"here is your commission duly endorsed. Major St. John's cabin—yours now—is taken upon the transport, *Mary of Something-or-other*, lying somewhere in the pool, under orders to take to-morrow's tide. Ye will find details on board from the Tower and Knightsbridge, which ye will hand over to the Commandant of Pendennis Castle, placing your services at his disposal in getting what polish ye can upon the drafts for the Rock garrison. A convoy for the Mediterranean will rendezvous at Falmouth sooner or later (my colleague of the navy will see to that), and ye will take your passage out then. Commend me to the Duke and to Lord Duddingstone, sir; and I have the honor to wish ye a good-day."

CHAPTER VII.

SATURDAY IN THE PARK; SUE'S ANGEL INTERVENES.

The girl sate dejectedly upon the seat, the same which she had shared with her husband on the previous Tuesday. Here she had sate by his side for the last time, here for the last time he had shown her some small kindness. It had been a mild winter's sunset then—there was rime upon the grass to-day, the first of the eighty-four days' frost which ushered in that disastrous year. Her shoes were worn and thin, she had eaten nothing since her breakfast, she was lonely, low-spirited, hungry and cold; weary, too, for she had tramped the streets since her landlady had shewn her to the door.

Con was missing. She had awakened in the dark of a winter's morning to find his side of the bed empty and cold. He had not returned to breakfast. Her anxieties had grown as the forenoon had worn on; still she had not suspected the worst until her landlady, after an unauthorized examination of her lodger's belongings, had descended upon her with peremptory demands for a settlement of her bill. Sue had from the first surrendered to her husband the custody of the common purse. He was not to be found, and had taken with him, as her creditor had already assured herself, every article of value which he possessed.

"I'd hegspected as much," averred the woman, "but 'e 'ave done me brown. Fobbed me off with fine words for three weeks, but never showed me the color of his money. There's a cord lyink in the area what 'e let 'is stuff out o' winder by. I seen 'im leave early, and looked the man over careful-like. Never crost me mind to look outside round the corner in John Street. Yes, 'e's bunged the lydy on me like a dud shillin'. That's the sort 'e is. So, hout ye gits, madam!"

Sue had gone forth almost as she stood, the woman, with an after-thought of pity, allowing her her cloak.

Some vague hope of finding her husband in the neighborhood of the War Office had drawn her feet westward. It seemed possible to her that he had received some call to service necessitating an abrupt departure; he had thrown out a hint of such on the previous evening. Doubtless some message or note to herself had miscarried.

Disappointed love demands its working hypothesis, and will construct and cling to the incredible, so there be hope and comfort therein.

She sate and waited, there was no object in walking further, nor was she capable of much more exertion. At intervals she yawned and strong shudders shook her slight form. She mechanically watched the passers-by.

There were fewer to take the air today. A lady passed, a lady of the *petit maitre* gender, some sixty-six inches in height, of which four must be credited to a wondrous erection of false hair, and another to the scarlet heels of the buckled shoes upon which she tottered, steadying herself with a ribanded crook *en bergère*, as tall as her little self. The lady was of any age which you might choose to suppose; there was powder upon her hair and rouge upon her cheeks; patches called attention to wrinkles which she fondly hoped would pass for dimples. Her eyes, from the habit of thirty years, roved right and left in search of admirers, as she rustled past, slowly swinging her hoop and conversing in a high-pitched, creaking voice with a tall, angular young officer of one of the Highland regiments. The young gentleman carried the lady's hooded cloak, and kept as near to her elbow as the extravagant radius of her farthingale permitted. A fat poodle panted at her heels.

A black servant dawdled behind, a

big, ugly, over-fed, lark-heeled West African, his blubber lips ever upon the move, his eyes rolling loosely in his head. They rolled upon Sue where she sat, and overlooked her with a slave's scorn of a mean white; they returned to her with interest. The fellow stopped, was staring, posing, straddling before her, scratching his woolly poll.

"Huh! I seen ye befo', missie, ho! ho!" he remarked, and slouching after his mistress called her attention to the gray-cloaked figure. The lady paused, questioned her man incredulously, whilst using a long-handled eye-glass. A distant inspection proving unsatisfactory, the party turned and strolled slowly in the direction of the seat. Sue found herself the subject of an exacting scrutiny, the strange lady looking her up and down, correcting the possible error of one point of view by another, discussing possibilities.

"Ye are sure, Scipio? Sure? Mind! I never pardon mistakes."

"Ho, qui' shoh! ma'am—dis am missy wot come by stage. Qui' shoh."

"Ahem. I don't trust ye. I don't know what to do. 'Tis a risk to speak to these persons. Ye never know what—Young woman, I say!"

Sue, who had kept her eyes upon the ground, ignoring what she was powerless to prevent, and too weary to rise and leave, now raised them.

"La! 'tis Agatha's very self!" cried the lady, low and breathlessly, but with no pleasure in her voice. "Who are ye, miss? and how came ye here? And what d'ye mean by playing hide-and-seek with me for three weeks, eh? Answer me, I say! Why don't ye speak? Ye are Susan Travis, plain enow."

"My name is Susan, madam, Susan Tighe. But what am I to you, may I ask? I think I never met ye before." Susan's beautiful, sad face was flushed for a moment. She had half arisen when she found herself addressed, and now reseated herself faintly, for the

face, peering into her own, troubled her. The voice had notes in it which were teasingly familiar, and although the rouged cheeks and false hair disguised resemblances, the eyes and the eyebrows were the eyes and the brows of the aunt whom she had buried at Chester.

The two women, the painted old maid of fifty, and the fasting, exhausted girl of eighteen, studied one another's faces for some moments, each finding the features of the dead in the face of the living. The elder woman spoke first.

"I? I am your aunt Camilla. Who else? What?"

"But, ye were *dead*. They told me so at your house. The funeral was over. The place was sold and shut up. I could not get in. At least they told me—for the other was very obviously and haughtily alive—"Oh, why did they say so? Oh, what have I done?"

"That," remarked Miss Camilla Draycott severely, "is what I intend to know. *Dead?* absurd! Your soldier friend beat my boy, Scipio, here, whom I sent to meet ye at the coach-office, and carried ye off, *nolus bolus*, I suppose ye will say, to a haunt of his own. Oh, don't deny it! We traced ye so far—an honest fellow of a hackney coachman. The woman of the house, too, though no better than she should be, in my opinion, a creature with a hair-pin in her mouth, admitted as much. Ye declined her offer of shelter, miss, ye know ye did: and despite her warnings as to how it would turn out, drove away in a chaise with your beau. Where is he now? Don't lie to me, miss! He has deserted ye, of course: any one can see that. Naturally; I thought as much. And ye will be expecting me to take ye in, a damaged article; but no thank ye!"

"Madam! Aunt Camilla, if ye are Aunt Camilla, ye don't understand.

What could I do? The black was in drink. I recollect him now, and got fighting—" Scipio bawled repudiation until silenced by his mistress. Sue continued: "The coachman said he came from you; I gave him your address—"

"But allowed him to take ye to another house, in Camomile Street, out east."

"Surely no; I think not. Yet it might have been—must have been, if ye say so; but how was I to know? He said—the woman next door said—oh, I can't explain!"

"Possibly not, miss."

"Indeed, ye are hard upon me, Aunt. I was never in London before, and all the houses are so alike, and after dark, too. They assured me ye were dead, and that wicked woman would not take me in; 'tis false what she told ye; she has deceived us both. But why? She said she saw ye die, she told me your last words; she spoke of the bailiffs and the auction and all. Could there have been another Miss Draycott? What was I to do? She urged me! he pressed me; even the sailor thought I had better—"

"A sailor in it? Lord save us!"

"—and we—I was married."

"*Mar—ried?*" echoed the elder lady, curtsying ironically before executing a tiny half pirouette to enable her to appeal effectively to a scandalized universe. "Married?" Who by? Where? When? *Legally*—at that time of night. Impossible!"

She mutely drew her glove and showed her ring.

"Pooh! Any slut can buy a ring. Where are your lines?"

Sue's face of blank bewilderment was no protection from the acrid scorn of her outraged relative.

"So, madam, that is your tale. Ye have made a runaway match with a town bully; jumped the broomstick without witnesses, in a house which

ye know not the name of (but *I* do), without clergy, bans, license, or lines, and are now upon the street. Is it not so? Answer me: are ye not upon the street?"

"Yes, I suppose I have been, since my breakfast," assented Sue, wholly unaware of the construction the words bore. Her beautiful sad eyes filled and ran over, her mouth quivered; but the woman who had defrauded her sisters of their inheritance years before, and hated them ever since, had no pity.

"On the street! Oh!" She uttered a little affected shriek. "La, I said so—she admits it. What think ye of that, Mr. Chisholm, for a piece of impudence?"

The youth, who at the beginning of this scene had turned his back, but had since been gradually drawn to side-glances by the golden cadences of Sue's marvellous voice, that pleading, protesting voice, now swung round, and came into the conversation bluntly enough, and at his first word Sue was sure that she had met him somewhere before.

"I dinna think the young leddy jalouses what ye're meanin', ma'am; I think——"

"Highly, tightly! Ye *think*, my boy, do ye? 'Tis the last fault I'd have charged ye with. Yes, yes, a pretty face and a sad tale have turned your head in a little. I had better protect ye, sir, for these creatures are marvellous clever." Then turning to her niece, "Madam (I can no longer call ye miss), I wish you a happy issue to your adventure, and a good-day!" She bobbed a second insolent curtsy, and minced off, laughing shrilly; the panting lapdog followed, the black bringing up the rear.

Sue, plunged in still deeper wells of misery than before her coming and these revelations, sate mute and utterly miserable. Her lines? Why had

she not thought of this at the time, or since? Why had not Con? There should have been something in writing, no doubt. The girl had never been present at a wedding, having lived since her childhood with an invalid and a pair of old maids, and knew as little law as a maiden of eighteen commonly knows, which is just none at all. Yet, in the back of her mind lay some dim, confused ideas of the uses of a church register. Lines? Old Millie had once made use of the term in converse with a neighbor.

This was a blow. The day, cold before, grew bitter, and the gray park, the city she had left, its crowds and sounds, inhuman. The despair of the young is very terrible: they have no resources, no experience. For one wretched minute Sue was within the grip of the giant, then, rallying her vallancy, she arose against him: she would cling to her belief in her husband against the world, against appearances, against his own act. His wife she was, her husband was he—nothing should separate them, neither the barbarity of his service regulations, nor distance, not the bitter words of others, nor her own weakness. She would, if need were, beg her bread across sea and land until she found him. Her heart grew warm again within her as she thus resolved. If things were impossibly black around her, there was the better reason for moving on; they could not be worse elsewhere, and might be better. She arose, and, holding by the back of the seat, stood considering her next direction, tottering a little, for her limbs were stiff. Swift masculine steps were approaching. The tall young Scots officer stood before her. "Mistress Tra-viss, I thenk——"

"I am Mrs. Tighe, sir," corrected Sue with dignity.

"A thoosand pairdons, ma'am; 'twass

an inadvairtency." He blushed furiously. Sue drew her cloak around her and turned, she desired no conversation with strange men.

"Ye are left, as I fear, ma'am, in a sair quandary, withoot siller. Is not that sae?"

Sue's proud lips were sealed, her chin raised, her eyes fixed upon the blurred black trees beyond this intrusive boy. But he held his ground though obviously a prey to shyness.

"Ma'am, this maunna be. A leddy, a young leddy, canna fend for hersel' wantin' bawbees, and in sic weather; I am certain sure ye hae bin tellin' true. I find it, here"—he touched his breast. "I wuss to God I had a roof of my ain. 'Pon my sawl, I do! Or kent ane honest wumman in all Lunnon Toun. I am by wi' her, there"—he indicated, with a gesture of restrained disgust, Miss Camilla at the end of the walk, awaiting his return to her side. "Ma'am, ye maunna gang wantin' bread. . . . Cot bless ye, Mrs. Tighe!" He bowed awkwardly, a quaint blend of the military and civil salutes, had Sue known it, for the boy was new to his facings.

Sue heard his retreating steps: she had not looked at him. She did not look after him, but—never fear—his rugged, pock-marked face of homely pity would dwell in her memory while life lasted. She must resear herself, must shut her eyes tightly to keep back the rising tears. When she reopened them and made ready to rise and go, she started, for there upon the seat beside her lay a broad, bright, golden guinea! Then the tears came irresistibly, no winking them back; she bent over the bright little thing, which meant so much to her, weeping passionately and feeling her heart-strings relax and her whole nature soften. Then, say a minute or so later, pride pricked her to her feet. "Oh, I cannot take it. 'Twould not be right. Con-

will be so angry." She essayed to arise and follow—but whither? The young Scot had left in the opposite direction to that taken by her aunt. Both were out of sight. The Park seemed empty. Plainly she must take the coin or leave it where it lay. She ended by accepting it as the bounty of God Himself.

Of her benefactor she remembered little, but sufficient; his gaunt height and squareness, lissome youth, battered, disfigured cheekbones and eminent hawk nose, red-bridged from much facing of rough weather, as one judged; these, the impressions of one half-glance, came back to her later. She had been wishing the big, strange, intrusive boy away whilst he stood before her. Now that he was gone past recall, she wished him back again to thank him and ask his name, sure there would be no impropriety in that!

The West End had failed her—she drifted aimlessly eastward and hung about the only thoroughfares she knew—Crutched Friars, Seething Lane and Great and Little Tower Streets. Dusk found her famishing outside a cook-shop in the Minories, lacking courage to enter, to ask for supper and shelter for the night, dreading rebuff, dreading bad company, her nerve shaken by the day's calamities.

Nature grew clamorous; food she must have. She faltered in, sank into a seat near the door; the woman eyed her curiously, but asked no questions, and brought tea and toast—her modest demand. How famished she found herself when food was at last within her reach; how ravenously she ate, how rich, how exquisitely the hot bread smelt; what savors, what spicery were in the dry, black corner crust! Her head ceased aching, she felt better after her first mouthful and saw more clearly. The dark little shop was filling, her stall and table, laid for two, was the last unfilled. A burly sailor-

man lurched slowly in, looked her over squarely, and seated himself opposite to her. She glanced up from her plate, their eyes met, and met again, the waitress drummed the board with an impatient knuckle, expectant of an order. "Brenchcheese an' a dish o' tay, please, ma'am," said the newcomer in a drawling nasal singsong, the last word running up into an almost ludicrous whine, the accent of the seaboard between Boston deeps and the Nore. Sue caught her breath; the sailorman's frosted cheek puckered, a pair of tufted brows arose until they disturbed the set of an ill-fitting wig, his kindly, wrinkle-embedded eyes peered out upon her sparkling from their darkened hollows; he leant forward frankly. "Gorramussy, but, yew'll be the dadical gal as I sorter went an' giv' away? There! If I dint think so! Aye! heow d'yew fare tew find yewself, ma'am?"

It was the mariner of her wedding night, and Sue's face, transparently truthful as ever, admitted the recognition.

His tea being served, was poured into his saucer to cool, and he, blowing softly upon it, kept his fur-seeing, kindly eye upon the girl, whose woe-ful story his experience pieced together from her admissions, conscious and inadvertent, checked by some private knowledge of his own, as to which he was silent.

"Missus, I did wrong by thee. I sorter kinder leaned to my own understandin', whereas I should ha' trusted in the Lord. Sims I dint, and here ye be. Yew—thee, I mean—arsted for to come along o' me, an' I put ye off." (The mariner had a knack of employing the plain language of the Quakers at the beginning of his sentences, but was apt to descend to ordinary pronouns before their end.) "Sims like as if I'd no faith that night—'fore I'd got a mlie from where I left thee, some of our Body run up agin me and went and ordered me lodgin', and there I bin iver since. Now, ma'am, if so be yew'll trust thyself along o' me, I'll dew the right thing by ye, this time."

"Anywhere with you, sir," said Sue without a second thought, and still ignorant of her friend's name.

"That's better!" rumbled the mariner comfortingly from the depths of a mighty chest, and having looked her over with the eye of a man who had seen some life, ordered a plate of sausage and potatoes placed before the girl, and watched her eat until she could eat no more.

"Thomas Furley, thee must call me, not Mister; yew marn't put no Mist'ers tew it; our folks don't hold with no vain titles and pride. I be a Quaker now, dost thee see? And now we'll be gettin' along home." (Blessed word.)

Ashton Hilliers.

(To be continued.)

SPORT AND DECADENCE.

There is no belief, however false, which does not contain an element of truth; but it rarely happens that the repudiation of a discredited belief does not involve the abandonment of whatever grains of truth it contained. There are always some bushels of wheat in a field of tares. It is only

in comparatively recent years that the popular fallacy, based upon a false analogy has disappeared—that the existence of a race or a nation is governed by the same laws which determine the period of the life of the individual man. A nation is an organization of organisms; but it does not follow that the

laws of living organisms have any real bearing upon the duration of such organizations. It is true that the organization ceases to exist with the extinction of the organisms; but it is not true that the destruction of the organization involves the disappearance of the organisms included in it.

The laws which govern life determine life in all its forms, from the humblest *protozoon* to the most developed mammal. Tennyson, when he apostrophized the old yew, whose "fibres net the dreamless head," indulged in a false antithesis.

The Seasons bring the flower again,
They bring the firstling to the flock;
But in the dusk of thee the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

The seasons do not bring the same flower again; and this year's firstling is not last year's firstling reborn. Nor is the "little life of man" determined by other causes than those which operate in the case of the primrose or the lamb. Measured by the beat of the clock, some organisms run the gamut of their career in a few days, while others exhaust centuries. But the process is the same. During its brief lifetime an aphid may have a progeny computable only in billions; a score may be born in as many hours, and in a few days become the founders of new families. At the other end of the scale an Indian elephant born in the reign of Aurungzeb might have witnessed the great coronation Durbar of 1903 and have left behind him fewer offsprings than many an Eastern potentate. Again, unicellular animals in normal conditions probably never die what we call a natural death. They may be devoured and absorbed, but, if they do not perish from violence, they are virtually immortal; they reproduce themselves by partition, and the *amoeba* almost alone is entitled to say with literal accuracy "non omnis moriar."

Indeed, if we draw an analogy at all between the life of a nation and the life of a living organism, it will have to be between the biography of a monad and the history of a race. Who will say that the English race was begotten and born? that the French will ever be old, or that the Germans were ever young? that the Americans, who started life as a venerable group of pilgrim-fathers, do not become more juvenile with every succeeding generation? What "stages" have there been in the life of the Chinese? and in what respect have the Bedouins developed or retrograded since the days of Ishmael? The tribe of the Hawâjin, which supplied Mahomet with a foster-mother, exists to-day in exactly the same stage of development as it had reached, not only in the days of Mahomet, but in those of Moses. Individuals perish as the flowers fade and the leaves fall; but the race, like the genus and the species, need not die, though it may. While, however, we are bound to dismiss the analogy between the individual life and collective life, we are not at liberty to overlook the fact that nations may decline and fall, as many have declined and have fallen, or to ignore the warning of history which teaches us that the organization which we call a state may perish by external disaster or by internal demoralization. Some of the cataclysms which have wiped out nations have been the result of agencies beyond human power to anticipate or avert; others have been the palpable product of apathy, self-indulgence, or criminal neglect.

Race suicide is possible. It may take the form of the selfish and deliberate sterilization of marriage, as in France; it may be effected by legislative follies, or it may be brought about by popular tendencies towards effeminacy and self-indulgence, with the consequent result of the relaxation of the moral and physical fibre. Super-

human agencies, such as the influence of a new climate and a new soil upon invaders or immigrants, may account sometimes and in some places for the deterioration of races; they cannot be urged as an apology for the decay of peoples rooted to the self-same soil under the self-same sky for countless generations. Spain perhaps supplies the most striking illustration of the interaction of climatic influences and human frailty. One short passage from Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's "Moors in Spain" will suffice as an illustration. Mr. Poole is summarizing the brief and fateful history of the Almoravides, the hardy Moslem dissenters of Africa who had crossed the Straits.

"What had happened" (he says, p. 183) "to the Romans and the Goths now happened to the Berbers. They came to Spain hardy, rough warriors, unused to ease or luxuries, delighting in feats of strength and prowess, filled with a fierce but simple zeal for their religion. They had not been long in the enjoyment of the fruits of their victory when all the demoralization which the soft luxuries of Capua brought upon the soldiers of Hannibal came also upon them. They lost their martial habits, their love of deeds of daring, their pleasure in enduring hardships in the brave way of war; they lost all their manliness with inconceivable rapidity. In twenty years there was no Berber army that could be trusted to repel the attacks of the Castilians; in its place was a disorganized crowd of sodden debauchees miserable poltroons who had drunk and fooled away their manhood's vigor and become slaves to all the appetites that make men cowards. . . . Such rulers do not rule for long."

What was true of the Berbers was equally true of the Arabs and of the predecessors of the Arabs, the Goths, who, as Gibbon (cap. i) tells us,

were no longer the victorious barbarians who had humbled the pride of

Rome, despoiled the Queen of Nations, and penetrated from the Danube to the Atlantic Ocean. Secluded from the world by the Pyrenean Mountains, the successors of Alaric had slumbered in a long peace; the walls of the cities were mouldered into dust; the youth had abandoned the service of arms; and the presumption of their ancient renown would expose them in a field of battle to the first assaults of an invader.

The successive degenerates of Spain might plead the influence of soil and climate as an excuse for their enervation; but what plea could England offer—the England of the inviolate shores and a thousand years of glorious history—if her sons went the way of the Celtiberians, the Romans, the Visigoths, the Arabs, the Berbers, and the later inhabitants of Spain?

Disease, moral and physical, is mainly the handiwork of a man's perversity or folly. The symptoms of national decay are many and easily diagnosed. A nation is on the downward grade when a large portion of its population is (1) unwilling to defend or incapable of defending what, not without reason, we call the mother-land against external attack; (2) is unable or unwilling to provide by its own exertions for its own immediate wants or to save from the earning of its industry a sufficiency to meet the exigencies and disabilities of old age; (3) is unable or unwilling to indulge in recreation except vicariously, and regards "sport" as a pastime to be undertaken by others paid for the purpose for the amusement of onlookers. The "Quarterly Review" has dealt comprehensively with the two earlier symptoms as revealed by the insufficiency of our army and by the pauperizing influence of old-age pensions. It remains to deal with the third, which is tardily awakening very justifiable apprehension and anxiety.

It is a commonplace, though a com-

monplace too often disregarded in practice, to say that most vices are the result of confusing means and ends. Some one has asserted that all vice is exaggerated virtue. Thrift carried to excess is miserliness; extravagant self-restraint culminates in an unwholesome asceticism and monasticism; valor may be exalted into foolhardiness; and liberty, as we know too well, may degenerate into licentiousness. In the same manner the natural and beneficent desire for physical fitness carried to an extreme becomes athleticism. The training of the body is essential to well-being, but it is subordinate to the education of the mind. Physical fitness is indispensable for moral and intellectual fitness; but the former is no alternative for the latter.

Those who quote Plato as a champion of athleticism can never have read Plato. Gymnastics, as inculcated in the "Republic," represent the very antithesis of athletics. In the Platonic sense, the body stands to the mind in the same relation as the scabbard does to the sword; and while a defective or neglected sheath may impair the efficiency of the blade, and a dirty scabbard often means a slovenly swordsman, it is the steel and not the cover that counts on the day of battle. In Jowett's summary of the passages in the "Republic" dealing with gymnastics, the gist of Socrates' argument is given as follows:

Next we pass on to gymnastics, about which I would remark that the soul is related to the body as a cause to an effect; and therefore, if we educate the mind, we may leave the education of the body in her charge, and need only give a general outline of the course to be pursued. In the first place, the guardians must abstain from strong drink, for they should be the last persons to lose their wits. Whether the habits of the palaestra are suitable to them is more doubtful, for the ordinary gymnastic is a sleepy sort of

thing, and left off suddenly is apt to endanger health. But our warrior athletes must be wide-awake dogs, and must also be inured to all changes of food and climate.

With athleticism so defined, limited, and taught its proper place, no sensible man will quarrel. But what would Plato have said to men who devoted their lives to "record-breaking" in games or in sports, and to their trainers and their admirers? He would have greeted them as he greeted the "champions" and the "record-breakers" in the mimetic arts, and have said,

therefore, when any of these clever multiform gentleman comes to us and makes a proposal to exhibit himself and his performances, we will fall down and worship him as a sweet and holy and wonderful being; but we must also inform him that there is no place for such as he is in our State; the law will not allow them. And so, when we have anointed him with myrrh and set a garland of wool upon his head, we shall send him to another city; for we mean to employ for our soul's health the rougher and severer artist who will imitate the styles of the virtuous only, and will follow those models which we prescribed at first when we began the education of our soldiers.

If we wish to see how far we have travelled out of the right road, we have only to contrast the Olympic Games, as celebrated in the palmy days of Hellas with the meretricious parody of which we have recently had experience. Two considerations are always left out of sight when the Olympic Games are cited as a precedent for modern athletic contests. In the first place, the Greek festival was religious and national, and constituted one of the many efforts made to surmount the obstacles to Hellenic unity presented as much by the geographical configuration of Hellas as by racial jealousies. Moreover, though we associate, naturally

enough, the sanctuary of the Greeks with the Olympic Games, it must be remembered that these were not the only or the most permanent attractions of the festival celebrated only once in five years in the lovely valley of the Alpheus. There was the great Olympelion—burnt in the fifth century of our era by the fanatical Theodosius II—with its colossal statue of Zeus, the masterpiece of Phedias, and many another marble from the hands of the childless creators of sculpture; there was the Heræum, where the simple prizes, the garlands of wild olive, were stored for the victors; and there were the ten *thesauri* built for the reception of the dedicatory offerings of the Greek cities. How magnificent a collection of Greek art was accumulated in Olympia is perhaps best demonstrated by the remark of the elder Pliny that even in his day there were still standing three thousand statues, amongst them the recently recovered Hermes of Praxiteles. The other point so often ignored is that, with the possible exception of the chariot-races and the horse-races (latterly the occasion for social or individual ostentation of wealth), the games were all connected with physical exercises calculated to make a man an efficient soldier.

Perhaps the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Hellenic precedent is supplied by the inclusion in the so-called Olympic Games (new style) of what is misnamed the Marathon Race, a counterfeit presentment, grotesque in itself, which has been re-counterfeited all over the world on covered tracks reeking with tobacco and drink and seething with gamblers who in many instances have come to see foul play. Only by reason of the unconscious irony with which the gods visit the foolishness of mortals could such a contest with such a name have received the patronage of men who profess and call themselves Hellenists.

To begin with, the programme of the real Olympic Games contained no "Marathon Race." Whether this modern innovation had its origin in an unauthenticated legend of an unnamed Athenian who, when the Persians were routed, ran at top speed from the plain of Marathon to the capital, and with his last gasp proclaimed the victory; or whether it may be traced back to the better-assured feat of Phedippides who, despatched on the landing of the Persians by the Athenians to Sparta to summon aid, covered the distance of 150 miles on foot in forty-eight hours, the moral of the myth or the incident has been entirely missed by the organizers of "Marathon Races." Whatever the reward given to the runner who lived to receive the prize of endurance and patriotism, whatever the honor paid to the mythical hero whose last breath was expended in relieving the intolerable anxiety of his fellow citizens, it is manifest that they were not the material recognition of record-breaking, but the expression of national gratitude to a man who had not spared his own life in his devoted efforts to serve his country. The prize was not for the pace or the distance covered, but for the spirit of patriotism which stimulated the muscles and braced the heart to an endurance beyond the ordinary compass of man.

From the point of view of physical fitness, the extravagant value set in modern days upon record-breaking in athletics is altogether vicious, and results from a ludicrous confusion of two things which have only one factor common to both. Phedippides could not have accomplished the mission entrusted to him had he not been physically "fit"; nor could a "Marathon" runner have established a record unless he were in a similar condition of bodily health. That is quite true; but it does not follow that temples and statues, or their modern equivalent, are

legitimate rewards for record-breaking; otherwise Pheldippides might have been deposed from his pedestal of glory to make room for some rival Athenian who, after months of special training at the hands of hired professionals, had "negotiated"—this we believe to be the sporting phrase—the same 150 miles in forty-seven hours, fifty-nine minutes, fifty seconds.

The moderate exercise requisite to enable a man to provide a healthy lodging for a healthy mind, and to stand all the exertions likely to be demanded of him either as civilian or soldier, lies practically within the reach of all. There is no harm, but much good, from a physiological point of view, in encouraging rational exercise by the artificial stimulus which rivalry in games and sports provides; from the sociological and ethical standpoint there is, as we shall see, very positive advantage in the supply of this incentive. Let us, however, not forget that athleticism, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, means the improvement of those physical endowments which man shares with the rest of the animal world. At the best the record-breaker will never run down the hare, outleap the ibex, throw the grisly in a wrestling bout, overpower the elephant in a tug-of-war, or race the porpoise in a cross-Channel swim; nay more, civilized man will never have the acute vision of the Red Indian that enables him to trace an enemy by a crumpled blade of grass, or the quickness of hearing to hear the footfall of his victim or his pursuer at a marvelous distance. But what muscles cannot do brains can. The nightingale in Mr. Courthope's "Paradise of Birds" sings:

Therefore, ye birds, in all ages,
Man, in his hopes of the sky,
Caught us and clapped us in cages,
Seeking instruction to fly.
But neither can cloister nor college
Accord to the scholar this boon,

Nor centuries give him the knowledge
We get in a moon.

Man, though he cannot fly like the eagle, can soar in balloons to altitudes in which the eagle would perish, and can rival the speed of his flight in aeroplanes; if he cannot run like the hare, he can in his trains travel from London to St. Petersburg in a few hours. If he cannot wrestle with the bear, he can strike him dead from a distance at which he is beyond the range of hearing or vision or smell of the brute; if he cannot see a trail like the savage, civilized man can distinguish him, himself unseen, by the aid of the telescope, and can outmanœuvre him, himself unheard, by the aid of the electric telegraph. All these things he can compass by highly-trained brains kept healthy by an amount of exercise which occupies but a fraction of his working day. The result is that, in all games played with the head as well as with the limbs, superiority of mind will more than make good inferiority in thew and muscle. If "sports" could be justified only on their value as strengthening the claim of man's ascendancy as lord of creation, their case would be lost by default. If they are to command support, their claims must be vindicated on other grounds.

Other grounds there are. The unselfishness demanded in all games requiring combination, the healthy influence of corporate rivalry, legitimate jealousy for the prestige of university, college, or school, of the county, or of the village, the moral tonic of moderate training, the sacrifice of pleasures not in themselves baneful but hindrances to the special fitness requisite for particular forms of sport, the social advantages of the equality of games and other virtues, link up, as it were, the moral, the intellectual, and the physical. To assert that, in the scheme of education which begins in

the cradle and is only closed in the grave, the training of the body is secondary and that of the mind is primary, is not to decry the value of healthy outdoor sport. The mischief of reversing this order is seen at work in the excessive importance attached to superiority at games in our universities and public schools. The universities set the tune, and the public schools take it up. If the attainment of a "Blue," in itself a legitimate and healthy object of ambition, is to rank with or above the highest academic distinctions, and if the college or the university profits by the number of record-breakers it contains, it follows, as effect follows cause, that our great schools, from the preparatory to the best of our public seminaries, will vie with one another in turning out "blues" and record-breakers. With what consequences? The public schools will, as they do, recruit their teaching staff preferably from those who, to moderate academic distinctions, can add the lustre of achievement by "flood and field," on the cinder track, or on the cricket-ground. At present the authorities select, *ceteris paribus*, an athlete as an undermaster. They will soon, with Melbourne, "damn the *ceteris paribus*." We shall recur to this evil from another point of view. For the moment it is sufficient to observe how this tendency to exaggerate the importance of sport acts and reacts upon masters and pupils and upon the relations between the universities and the public schools. If prominence in the sporting pages of the newspaper pays better than eminence in the columns headed "University Intelligence," it is safe to prophesy that from beginning to end of our scheme of education sport will be encouraged at the expense of intellect.

So far we have discussed only that aspect of this serious problem of exaggerated athleticism as it affects those

who actually take part in athletic competitions. What of those whose passion for games, all absorbing as it is, is limited to vicarious performance—to the part of spectators of a struggle in which they themselves do not participate and never have participated, to a feeble sort of local patriotism, or, worst of all, to the gratification of a love of gambling? Attendance at a cricket-match or a football competition has not even the merit of encouraging physical fitness. In nine cases out of ten it is but an excuse for loafing or worse. As these pages were being written, the following paragraph from a local paper caught the writer's eye. Appropriately enough, it was headed "Football Craze." It ran as follows:

At a meeting of the Bristol Corporation Distress Committee yesterday the City Engineer asked for instructions regarding a number of the unemployed who, having been provided with relief work, asked that they might be allowed to cease work on Saturdays in time to watch football matches. One member said that some men even pawned their waistcoats to get money for football matches. It was decided to refuse the men's application; and the chairman intimated that future applicants for time for football matches would be discharged.

In Spain it is notorious that on the eve of a bull-fight cases of petty larceny are tripled, quadrupled, or quintupled in order that penniless "sportsmen" may find the wherewithal to witness a game which demands, besides the daring of a few brave men, the death of half a dozen "pampered bulls," the slaughter or mutilation of a dozen horses, and the presence and plaudits of thousands of men, women, and little children.

The slow-moving British mind is growing apprehensive over the perversion of a spirit which it instinctively recognizes as intrinsically sound.

Groping about for explanations and remedies, the average Englishman follows, not exactly the line of absolutely least resistance, but the line of resistance least objectionable to his pride and prejudice. So searching, he has blundered upon a clue which, properly understood, as at present he fails to understand it, lies at the root of the reluctantly acknowledged evil. The clue is supplied by the word "professionalism."

"*Professionalisme c'est l'ennemi*," but professionalism in a different and far wider sense than that in which the term is commonly employed. He is not necessarily a professional who has derived pecuniary advantages from playing a game; nor is he necessarily an amateur who has never had a penny from clubs or associations in the form of pay or expenses for services rendered. The crews which contend on the Thames for the honor of their respective universities are amateurs, though their training involves every year the expenditure of hundreds of pounds, which they do not find, and are not expected to find. The man who devotes the whole of his life to games is a professional, even if he has never received money, won a prize, or made a bet to his own profit; nay, even if his indulgence in sport absorbs most of his income. He is not an amateur who is one outwardly; nor is he necessarily a professional whose domestic budget shows that he is not financially the worse for playing games.

Let there be no misunderstanding. The love of gate-money is the root of evil in athleticism; but the receipt of a share of the gate-money, either as direct wages or under the form of expenses, does not constitute the real difference between the professional and the amateur. The money test is absurd. A runs for a purse of sovereigns and becomes *ipso facto* a professional; B runs for a twenty-guinea

cup, sells it to the silversmith who supplied it, or exchanges it for forks or spoons, or any other articles of domestic utility, and claims the status of an amateur. The winner of the Kings' prize at Bisley receives a handsome check for his success and loses none of his qualifications as an amateur. A boat-buider devotes his leisure time to rowing "for the love of the thing," and is disqualified from entering a competition as an amateur oarsman. The amateur who receives a few hundreds a year as secretary to a county cricket club walks out to the pitch from a gentleman's pavilion, while the "player," who may get half the secretary's salary, goes out to the same pitch through the professionals' gate. The player, at the close of his cricket career, is granted a "benefit"; the gentleman receives a "testimonial." An amateur may run "against the clock" to see if he can beat a professional's "record time" over a given distance; but, if he run both against the clock and the professional at a meeting at which gate-money is charged, he is disqualified as an amateur though he does not pocket a penny of the gate-money.

There is, no doubt, a distinction between real professionalism and real amateurism; but it is quite other than what is at present recognized. The true distinction is that which differentiates the enjoyment of food as necessary to well-being from gluttony, and that which marks off thrift from miserliness, regard for appearance from display, true piety from religious ostentation. In other words, it is the distinction between means to an end and the perversion of such means into an end in itself. The man who plays a game for the game's sake, and for the pleasure and physical benefit it entails, without regard for profit or popularity, is an amateur; the man who does exactly the same thing for a living or

for the plaudits of the crowd is a professional. A clerk or an artisan who cannot afford to forfeit salary or wage for a day's cricket, but receives the equivalent from his employers or his fellows, is just as much or just as little an amateur as the schoolmaster who is let off by the "Head" to play for his county. The amateur is one who devotes a reasonable portion of his leisure to sport for the love of sport, and for the physical and moral advantage he derives from the pursuit. He is a professional who makes sport the be-all and end-all of his life, who espouses it because it provides a career the rewards of which are pelf, position, or popularity. How far the actual receipt of pay or compensation makes a man a professional depends upon circumstances and not upon principle. For instance, the squire of a village "puts up" half a dozen university men at the Hall for a cricket week, and sends another half-dozen villagers to the inn and pays their bill. Are the first six amateurs and the second six professionals? If so, why so? If not, why not?

There is doubtless a place, and an honorable place, for professionals in most classes of sport. The writer in bygone days has been too frequently associated with professionals at cricket, golf, Alpine climbing, and a variety of other recreations, not to appreciate to the full the many excellent qualities, moral and intellectual, possessed by the majority of men who make their living by that which, by him and other amateurs, is pursued for pleasure, mental relaxation and physical benefit. Nobody who has climbed side by side with an expert guide, knowing that he can confidently trust him, who is not only his guide but his philosopher and friend, to risk life and limb for his employer, can regard the sordid money payment as constituting anything but the feeblest link in the

chain that connects them. Still the guide is a professional, and is proud of the title. So, too, with the cricketer and the hired golf-partner. It is needless to labor the point or the distinction, because it is really not in dispute. All that is necessary is to remember that the professional is made for the game and not the game for the professional, that he is ancillary and not principal.

We come back to the vital point of distinguishing between means and ends. When the means are perverted into ends the mischief begins. The mischief is gate-money. In its origin the system was innocent and apparently insignificant. Its genesis was something like this. A few amateurs clubbed together to encourage sport by providing, in cases where the game is played by teams, compensation for the loss of time suffered by those who cannot afford to devote many hours gratuitously to sport. The compensation develops into a regular but still a modest salary; competition raises the price till at last the outlay exceeds the resources of the subscribers; gate-money is then charged, and the paying guests of the club become the masters of the situation. The process can be studied most simply and most clearly in the case of cricket. The improvement of the ground or in other words, the substitution of an artificially prepared arena for a roughly levelled village green or pasture-field, means larger scores; and the spectator, i.e. the paymaster, likes large scores. If the locality does not furnish raw material enough for the making of first-class players, alien amateurs are tempted into the district and professionals are bribed to qualify. In another department of sport, namely, Association football, there is a regular market and a recognized tariff for the sale and purchase of "cracks," for all the world as if they were the human chattels we

flattered ourselves we had done with when we paid millions for the abolition of slavery.

Any one who cares to study, from this point of view, the unedifying correspondence which preceded the selection of the last Australian cricket eleven—all amateurs, by the way—will perceive the degree to which the sordid element of gate-money has penetrated into our great national game. Yorkshire and Kent, to their lasting credit, still refuse to play any but home-born members; but other counties strive ceaselessly to secure the county championship by the aid of cricketers unconnected with them by family connections, local patriotism, *bona fide* residence, or any other qualifications save those of a statutory domicile and stipulated remuneration. There is just as little ground for legitimate pride in a championship gained under such conditions as there is for bewailing a national defeat, when a horse bred of English stock, prepared by an English trainer, and ridden by an English jockey, happens to win the Derby for a foreigner who has bought him in the open market.

If, however, this were all that could be said by way of criticism of county cricket it would not amount to much. Unfortunately it is not all or nearly all. Old men who have watched with affection and some jealousy the fortune of cricket since they were boys, are united in opinion that the "county championship" is already stifling, and will ultimately extinguish, what may be conveniently described as village cricket. Time was, not so long ago, when the average village lad with a taste and tendency for the best of games, with a stone for his wicket and a shapeless bit of wood for a bat, dreamt that he carried his marshal's *bâton* in his wallet, and that some day he might play for his county. To-day the sporting urchin, with difficulty es-

caping the lynx-eyed vigilance of the attendant inspector of elementary schools, knows that this goal is not for him unless he is prepared to sacrifice everything else, and train or be trained for a professional career from his childhood, and that he has no more chance of being "picked up" for early natural promise than the village lawyer has of becoming Lord Chancellor.

Nor does the evil end here. With the many-headed monster, the public, which, having paid the gate-money, claims to call the play, enters the representative of the press. He, like the sophist in "The Republic," learns how to approach and handle men, at what times and from what causes the monster is dangerous or the reverse, what is the meaning of his several cries, and by what sounds, when another utters them, he is soothed or infuriated. When, by constantly living with the beast, he has become perfect in all this, he calls his knowledge wisdom, and makes a system or art which he proceeds to teach; not that he has any real notion of what he is teaching, but he names this honorable and that dishonorable, good or evil, great or ungreat, all in accordance with the tastes and tempers of the monster when he has learned the meaning of his inarticulate grunt. "Good is pronounced to be what pleases him, and evil what he dislikes." This is no caricature, but almost a psychograph of the spirit which permeates many if not most of the descriptive reports of cricket matches in popular sporting papers. One would imagine in reading them that the eleven players in the field and the two batsmen at the wicket were persons on trial before a popular jury, under a code of which the standard was the taste and caprice of a panel mostly ignorant and largely influenced by artificial sympathies or antipathies. Out of this pandering by our "special reporter" to uneducated popular taste

we get false standards of sport, the weekly "averages," the unhealthy competition for the services of "popular players," designated generally by their abbreviated Christian names or by nicknames, and all the paraphernalia of corruption and degradation which is ruining old English pastimes. Even in the case of the University boat-race, the freest of all from these mischievous influences, we find the presidents of the respective boat-clubs charged with ignorance, stupidity, or favoritism if a "popular" oar does not find a place in the boat; while, if a "popular" favorite in any kind of sport fails to come up to the expectations of his unknown votaries, he is morally stoned, and suffers the fate of every favorite "*nimium gaudens popularibus auris*."

The effect upon the players themselves is bad enough. Like members of modern parliaments, they are tempted to play to the gallery, not to the gallery represented by the actual spectators, but to that larger and still less discriminating crowd which follows "sport" indolently and vicariously in the columns of the daily papers. The effect upon the public is worse. The majority of young men with any aptitude for healthy games, frightened by the grotesque criterion of excellence set up for them by the descriptive reporter, refrain from any attempt to take an active part in such competitions, but by the aid of their gate-money pay others to play for them and make a match an excuse for loafing up to the ground, sitting or dawdling away an afternoon, and "backing their fancy"—most appropriate phrases—with no regard for the merits of the game and with no real advantage moral or physical to themselves.

Does any one flatter himself that the spirit of professionalism, using the term in its worst sense, and the selfish égotism absolutely forced upon the players by the vicious environments of

the hour, are confined to one class or station in society? If such there be, he must still be very young, and can have no personal standard of comparison. Those who have passed middle age have only to give their memory free play and contrast, say, a university or public-school cricket match of the day with what they can remember thirty or forty years ago. Unrestrained, unabashed, unrebuked, the spirit of professionalism has insidiously permeated the atmosphere of Oxford and Cambridge, of Eton and Harrow. Boys and young men have lost the brilliant dash, the *insouciance* the all-for-side-and-the-world-well-lost spirit which used to characterize, and should characterize, their age and their performances. To-day we see "old heads on young shoulders" with a vengeance; boys play like old stagers, with an eye to the list of averages, and a scientific caution which in the young is almost repulsive. And how should it be otherwise? In their greedy competition for their form of gate-money, schools of all grades, preparatory and public, as has already been observed, call in the aid of professionals in order that the school may turn out "blues" if it cannot produce scholars. The professional brings with him—how can he help it?—his own atmosphere, created for him by his clients of the gallery, and by the sporting critics of the press. The schoolmaster imported on the strength of the reputation he has won in the playing-fields is a professional in all but name; he teaches as he has been taught; and so the vicious circle is perpetuated.

Pastimes have become a profession; in a sense undreamed of in the philosophy of our fathers, "*redeunt Saturnia regna*." Once more the noble savage running wild in the woods—yesterday he was called Longboat and ran in a tobacco-sodden atmosphere in a reeking stadium in New York—is the ideal

of manhood. The ideal, mark you, not even the model; adoration of the "crack sportsman" at sixpence or a shilling a head, not imitation, is the principle of the cult of the day. Vicarious patriotism, vicarious exercise, vicarious providence—these are our present ideals; and the mad craze for "athletics by other people," whether it

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be regarded as cause or effect, is amongst the most ominous and the most disheartening symptoms of the hour. We

Have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
We do not even dance ourselves, but
pay others to do it for us.

SHELLEY. *

Shelley is the poet of youth. But the youth of which, in his inspired moments, he is the divinest voice that ever breathed in this world, is that which never grows old, the eternal youth which is the very essence and life-blood of the human spirit. It is therefore no confession of unfitness for his task which Mr. Clutton Brock makes when he says in the last words of this book: "I have written about Shelley as a middle-aged man for other middle-aged men." The poet of youth is something much more than the poet of the young. There is something of youth, as there is something of childhood, which remains to the very end in all who are really alive. To be merely middle-aged is to be dead. Youth, however immature, is beautiful in itself, without any of the gifts that can only come with time; but age, if it be merely itself, if it has dropped all the hopes and graces of youth, is a thing withered, hideous, and hateful. Shelley is the embodied voice of youth's eternal elements, of the youthfulness which age needs to its last hour and beyond. It is true and obvious that he is also the voice of less immortal things, of youth's crudity, youth's passionate onesidedness, youth's curious substitution of an abstract humanity for actual and individual men and wo-

men, youth's impatience and incoherence, its abstract and rationalizing absurdity. But we, or some of us, are middle-aged, and can and ought to do for Shelley some of the purging and selecting work which time and his own rapidly maturing mind were beginning for him when they were interrupted by the catastrophe of Viareggio. Mr. Brock has not been afraid to take his part boldly in that work. But the essential and immortal Shelley remains, the pure spirit who is as certainly the eternal poet of youth's ardor and aspiration as Wordsworth is of man's grave and tender-hearted wisdom.

Mr. Brock says that he wrote his book to please himself, the best of all reasons for writing books. Most good criticism arises from the desire of analyzing our own pleasures and justifying our own judgments. And if the pleasures and judgments are those of a fine intellect, other people besides the author will enjoy the analysis. That is what happens here. There are no new facts in Mr. Brock's book, only a new mind applied to the old facts. He has no discoveries of new poems to record, no new letters to print, no fresh information to impart about Harriet, or Timothy Shelley, or the Necessity of Atheism, or any of the other problems and persons that made the crises of the life of Shelley. He enters into no competition with Professor Dowden, by

* "Shelley: the Man and the Poet." By A. Clutton Brock. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

whom, as he generously says, "the complete biography of Shelley has been written once for all." His object has simply been to give a representation of Shelley based, as far as possible, upon his own letters and works and upon the writings of those who knew him, and his desire has been neither to defend nor to attack Shelley, but, as he himself puts it, to "represent him as he was and to say exactly what I think of his character and poetry."

The result is a book of which every page is honest and interesting, and many are brilliant; probably the best study of Shelley that has yet been written. It is full of digressions, as is the way of books that are alive. And as few people have a clearer understanding of the art of poetry than Mr. Brock, the digressions on such subjects as the English lyric, art and Puritanism, prose and poetry, and similar large questions, are among the best and most stimulating things in it. Mr. Brock is always travelling from the particular to the universal, and Shelley's life and writings lead up to statements of principle which may not always command assent but never fail to provoke thought or to have a good deal to say for themselves. "The experience of emotion is the chief end of existence" requires a context, no doubt, for its justification, but it is at any rate an interesting parallel to Ruskin's saying that the function of art is to provide noble grounds for the noble emotions. Again, it would not be easy to give the distinction between prose and poetry better than in Mr. Brock's rule that "when reason is subsidiary to emotion, verse is the right means of expression, and, when emotion to reason, prose." Things of this sort abound in the book and make it much more than a mere book about Shelley. As that, its defect is perhaps that it is a little too cool and collected. A good fault, no doubt, in this case, for it is only too

easy to catch fire when one touches Shelley. But even middle-aged readers will feel that Mr. Brock is almost invariably unjust to Shelley's beautiful prose, and will find him decidedly grudging in his praise of some of the very finest of the poems, as, for instance, the "Stanzas Written in Dejection," the lines written among the Eugeanean Hills, and, most of all, the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." Still, he can praise unreservedly enough when he chooses; and few will lay down his book without a heightened sense of the wonderful powers of Shelley, who, as Mr. Brock says, even when he attempted the impossible and therefore failed, managed to produce "beauties beyond the reach of artists who attempt the possible."

Of the man Shelley he writes with the same cool, discriminating, unblinded admiration. What he says will not please everybody; few books do which try to see the whole of a subject. The extreme devotees of Shelley, whose eyes never move from the fair face of their golden divinity, will be impatient with one who has been all round it and, having seen that some less important parts of the idol are made of inferior metal, has honestly reported that fact. The Bohemians, who have sometimes impudently claimed the severe and ascetic Shelley as belonging to their company, will be still less pleased. For they will find the one thing that attracts them to Shelley treated, as it should be treated, by common sense and common conscience, and, as the inevitable result, admitted to be the one grave blot in a very beautiful character. No character can be harder to write about than that of Shelley. For unless we blind ourselves one way or the other we are face to face with the two apparently incompatible facts that Shelley was among the best, most unselfish, and most spiritual men who have ever lived, and that on one great

occasion and on several small ones he behaved about as badly as a man can behave. That is the difficulty, and it has to be met. Few people who care about—what Shelley himself cared about so passionately—the moral progress of mankind were quite satisfied with the atmosphere of special pleading and partiality with which Professor Dowden clouded the issue. Mr. Brock comes much closer to the problem. It is probably true, as Mary Shelley said after her husband's death, that Shelley never did anything which he did not honestly believe to be right. But that does not carry us very far. It leaves us in the old difficulty of the distorted conscience; probably Torquemada and Phillip II. could say as much for themselves. The point is how such a man as Shelley could come to think it right to act as he did act.

The answer is probably twofold. In the first place, exceptional natures have exceptional weaknesses, as the lives of the saints abundantly show. Especially at the beginning of life heights are apt to involve depths. But that is not all. It is not merely, as Mr. Brock says, that the reason why most young men do not behave as foolishly or badly as Shelley is that they have not his courage. Many a man who knows that in a world where all secrets were revealed he would not be fit to kneel at Shelley's feet knows also that better things than cowardice would have kept him from doing some things that Shelley did. The real explanation of Shelley's doings is not courage but ignorance—ignorance of himself, of other men and women, of human character and human life. Many boys of sixteen know more of themselves and of the world than Shelley ever came to know at all. Probably no document in the whole world shows such an abysmal ignorance of human, and especially feminine, nature as the famous letter to Harriet after his flight with Mary.

And that letter does not stand alone. The truth is that the key to the weak things in his character is the same as the key to the weak things in his poetry; it is his isolation from the realities of human life. All idealists are in danger of being ineffective because they are felt to be inhuman, without pleasure in human life as we know it and live it. Shelley, the most ideal of idealists, suffered worse things than ineffectiveness from this cause. He took too little interest in ordinary life ever to know anything about it, and he fixed his eyes so exclusively on the ideal that he was apt to clothe every woman he saw in it and think her divine till the ideal garments came off, on which he at once fancied her a daughter of hell, or, more exactly, in his own language, applied to one who had been "a sister of his soul" not long before, "an artful, superficial, ugly, hermaphroditical beast of a woman." Some men are apt to fail, men of humor for instance, because they have such a pleasure in life as it is and such amusement in the contemplation of its incongruities that they can never really work at improving anything. The real is for them so pleasantly and laughably unlike the ideal that it would be a pity to do anything to spoil the humor of the situation. Shelley was just the opposite. He knew nothing of the real, and, as Mr. Brock says:—

There was something insipid in what he admired even in real people, for he was not aware of their real qualities; and these, when they forced themselves upon his notice, affronted his dreams, and therefore seemed to him devilish instead of human.

It was so in the highest thing of all. His love was precarious, because, to quote Mr. Brock again, he never loved women for themselves, but for perfections he imagined in them, and "unconscious desire which always went to his head, disguised itself as a recognition

of intellectual and moral perfections." He was as ignorant as Rousseau of the moral weakness of man, and as ignorantly confident as Rousseau that vice, instead of being curbed by human institutions, was simply caused by them; and, like most people who fancy that original sin is only a theological bogey, he was surprised and inconvenienced by running up against it, as was inevitable, a good many times in the course of his life. However, most of us are as far as it is possible to be from having the right to throw a stone at Shelley. We are not likely to make mistakes through being too much occupied with "intellectual and moral perfections." Still the honest critic is bound to note the facts; and the central fact about Shelley is that it was his isolated idealism, his refusal to see the ideal in the real, his conception of it as something far apart from actual life and imperfect human beings instead of something working in them, transforming them as well as transcending them, that was the cause of his unfortunate illusions and disillusion about a succession of women, and also the cause of his being the author of the most unreal and the most inhuman of all the great poems of the world.

Carducci thought Shelley the only modern poet worthy to be carried—and it is Sophocles who carries him—to the Blessed Island which is the abode of the great poets of the past. No one could be a better judge of such a question than the author of "*Presso l'urna di Percy Bysshe Shelley*," who was perhaps at his death the greatest poet in Europe, and was besides a master of learning and criticism. But poetry is not written exclusively for poets, and it is fair to remember that, unlike as Carducci was to Shelley, they were still both poets. And that means that the peculiar drawbacks of Shelley would be far less felt by Carducci than by the common lover of poetry. Imagina-

tion is, of course, stronger in poets than in their readers, and there never was a poet who keeps his readers' imaginations at such high pressure as Shelley. Till one becomes familiar with him he is the most exhausting of great poets. Only now and then—in "*The Cenci*," for instance, in "*The Epistle to Maria Gisborne*," and a few other poems—does he deign to keep so much as one foot on solid earth. He lives among elements and ideas, not among human beings. His mind is not only the most ethereal of minds, far more ethereal than that of his beloved Plato, but it is also, what Plato's was not at all, the most restless and incoherent. He himself spoke of his lack of that "tranquillity which is the attribute and accompaniment of power." He never exercised any self-control over his mind, and he had not, like other poets, a body of readers to control it for him indirectly. He was always, as Mr. Brock says, "at the mercy of his subject"; he would not revise or compress his uninspired passages; he has such an overwhelming and hurrying abundance of ideas and images that they simply fade into each other, leaving the mind of the reader in an intellectual mist. In this way he produced an immense quantity of poetry in a very short time, but, as Mr. Brock says, he "might have produced half as much and yet have worked harder. For the test is not how much verse a poet produces, but how much of it posterity will read." But Shelley could not, or would not, take the advice Keats gave him to practise "self-concentration," "serve Mammón," and "be more of an artist." If he had been able, the poet of "*Adonais*" and the "*West Wind*," the lyricist who has no superior and perhaps no equal in any language, would not have so often lost himself and us in a wilderness of incoherent verbiage.

All this is true and necessary to be said, and much of it, with much else,

is said by Mr. Brock with admirable insight and courage. But he and every one who has felt the unique wonder of Shelley must be conscious of a kind of profanation in saying such things. Perhaps they are in essence, like the discussions of the weak points in the poet's character, only an attempt to explain why Shelley, being so much, was not also something more. And, in any case, it is what he was that is the essential truth of all. And as to that there cannot be much doubt. Never, perhaps, have the highest human emotions, the exultations and the agonies of the human spirit, found such utterance as they found through Shelley. All their tumult is still in them as they pass into his verse, and yet the noise and fury of their storm have to our delighted wonder become a divine harmony of music. Never was lyric flight so swift as Shelley's, so heavenly high, so daring, so triumphant. Never—it is the poet's strength as well as his weakness—are we borne so utterly beyond and above the "low-thoughted cares" of this earth as in the supernal ecstasies of "Adonais" and the lyrics of the "Prometheus." There is no English music like his except that played on Milton's organ; and there it is not that the music is richer so much as that the instrument is one of greater power and compass. In that escape of the spirit which is the special prerogative of music Shelley stands alone. No poet in all the world is so entirely unintelligible to those whose life is a thing of the body only. If the only civilization which rational men can care about is the ascent from a merely bodily life to a life in which the reason and the soul play an ever-increasing part, no poet is more dependent on it than Shelley. There are other poets in whom the ape and tiger can find their food, but they starve at once on Shelley. Shelley was no more a Christian

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than he was an ancient Greek; but if we could imagine such a catastrophe as the undoing of all that Greece and Christianity have successively done for the human race, no poet would suffer so instantaneous an eclipse as he. The Barbarians often have a taste for Byron, and sometimes for Pope; the Philistines are apt to lay ugly hands on Milton and Wordsworth and Tennyson; the populace, when it can understand his language, has an affinity with the best of Burns; but neither Barbarians, nor Philistines, nor populace, so long as they remain what they are, will ever touch Shelley. No one ever loved the human race so passionately as he, but he cannot appeal to more than a small fraction of it. For the rest he speaks an unknown tongue. He could not see the future in the present, the spirit in the body, the prophecy of humanity in actual men and women, as Wordsworth saw it, and he suffers as those who deny the incarnation of wisdom have always suffered. No one has so little as he of that sovereign all-embracing humanity of Shakespeare which, loving and indulging the body as well as the mind and the soul, can force its way into the most unlikely places where no other poetry finds entrance. From all that Shelley stands apart, a pure untainted spirit in a gross and tainted world, a vision of beauty to those who can see spirits, an ever-working force of hope and love and justice to those minorities to whom in the future, as in the past, the progress of the world will be due. His life seemed to himself a sad one. But it was happier than he knew. For its inspiration was no private joy or fame, but precisely this hope that through his poetry he might become an energy of life to the best elements in human existence. And before the Mediterranean waters closed over his head that hope had become an undying reality.

VILLAGE SKETCHES—SALLY'S HUSBAND.

"Yes, that rose-bush *is* high, and when it's in bloom it regular blocks up the window, but after all you might 'ave worse things a-peeping in at you than roses—and then I 'aven't the 'eart to cut it down, for poor Sally planted it, and it's a nice thing to remember her by. She was a little bit of a thing when she stuck it in, and was always a-measuring it to see how far it 'ad grown! She was here a lot, you know—all the time my poor sister lay so ill, so Sally got almost like my own. Poor dear!

"Ah! if it 'adn't been for that sum of money as her old mistress left 'er she might 'ave been alive and well now. And yet at the time it seemed the best thing as could 'ave 'appened to 'er. I'm sure when she come 'ere in 'ere new black, and told me as in the will it said as she was to 'ave ten pounds for each year of 'er service, and that it come to seventy pounds, it did seem almost too good to be true. And she'd put by a bit besides, so there she was, with a fortune, as you might say. *And to think what it brought her!*

"'Whatever you do, my dear,' I said to 'er over and over again, 'don't you let no one help you to take care of it, and don't you let your sister Maggie persuade you to go and live with 'er, and put it into their business, for if you do,' I said, 'you'll put it in, but you'll never get it out.' And, sure enough, Maggie didn't half worry 'er to go; but Sally did 'ave the sense to hold out.

"She meant taking a situation again, after she'd 'ad a bit of holiday, and she went about paying a visit or two. And then she come back 'ere. And she and me 'ad just finished our tea, when she says, 'Auntie, I've got something to tell you. I ain't a-going out again to a place, for I'm a-going

to get married . . . to Robert Eades.'

"Oh, dear! I thought I should 'ave dropped. For there wasn't a man in the whole world as I disliked like Robert Eades! I felt struck dumb. All I could say was, 'Oh, Sally, it ain't true!' 'Indeed it is,' she says, with her eyes all of a shine; and then she went on about 'im, what 'e said to 'er, and how he'd never cared for no one but 'er, and all that; and I says at last, 'Well, when you was two or three and twenty he began to take up with you, and he give you the slip; I'd 'ave more pride if I was you,' I says, 'than to go with 'im again.' She colored up a bit, and she says, 'He told me about that, and he says as he thought 'e wasn't good enough for me—so,' she says, 'I couldn't let Pride stand in the way o' my Happiness.' Well, as I said to my 'usband afterwards, 'For my own part, I'd a deal rather choose *Pride* than Robert Eades. *Pride* may be a work o' the devil, and I don't say it isn't, but to my mind Robert Eades himself is about as finished a job as Old 'Arry ever turned out.' And yet there was Sally thinking all the world of him! And she wouldn't listen to nothing. She was thirty-six turned, and, as my 'usband said, 'If she's set 'er mind on 'im she'll 'ave 'im. An aunt don't go for much when you weigh 'er with a sweet'eart,' he says, 'and she'll never think any the worse of 'im for what you say, and she'll never think any the better of you for saying it.' Well, I suppose it's true. Hard words don't put out a fire; they only makes it burn quicker.

"But I did fret, I can tell you, and she knew it. Though I kept it to myself as far as words went. But there's other ways o' letting out your feelings besides your tongue. She'd

ought to 'ave known better at 'er age, tho' they do say as love shuts your eyes. Well, she couldn't 'ave seen 'im very plain, else the sight of 'im would 'ave stopped 'er—with 'is yellow face, and 'is mouth like a slit, and never catching your eye when you spoke to 'im, but always a-peering at you when you weren't looking for it. But I s'pose as he was the only one as ever came after 'er. She 'adn't no looks to speak of, and very quiet in er ways—but *such* a tender 'eart. . . . Poor Sally!

"He didn't give 'er the slip again, you may be sure. That gold chain of 'ers tethered 'im fast. Robert Eades was just the man to line 'is nest with some one else's feathers. And I should think that poor half-starved farm of 'is wanted a bit o' something put into it. The folks did jeer about Sally laying out 'er money on 'im. They all said as she was in for a poor bargain. But to see 'er on 'er wedding-day, a smiling away with all 'er might, you'd 'ave thought she'd picked up the biggest treasure to be had.

"As you may suppose, there wasn't no likelihoed o' me seeing much of her after she married. His farm must be a good seven miles from 'ere, and I'm but a poor one for walking, and there's no train nor nothing. I went once—they'd 'ave been married getting on a year, and Joe Mason said as he was a-driving into that country, and would drop me there. Sally did look pleased. She got up ever such a color when I went in. They was 'aving their dinner. *Him* with a plate o' meat and pertatoes, and 'er with bread and cheese! There didn't seem nothing to spare, so I said as I'd 'ad mine. 'I've give up eating meat for dinner,' she says after he'd gone out. 'Robert scolds me ever so over it; he just seems to think that there's nothing too good for me.' 'Well, that's good hear-

ing,' I says, 'for it's what you thought about 'im. Are you 'appy, my dear?' And she put on ever such a smile, and she says, 'Oh, yes; he's the *best* o' husbands.'

"But I didn't believe 'er. She looked so thin, and so tired—and well she might be with all the work to do, and she never strong, and bread and cheese for 'er dinner. She wasn't much in the way o' company either, for she 'ad to be about 'er work all the time. When I was a-going back with Joe Mason, I says to 'er 'usband, 'I wish you'd bring Sally over some day in your trap.' 'Oh,' he says, 'him and 'is 'orse 'ad something better to do than drive about the country visiting.' 'Well,' I says, 'you'd better let me 'ave Sally for a bit, for she looks as if a rest 'd do 'er good.' 'You can take 'er, and welcome,' he says, 'if you'll find some one else to do the work.'

"*I kep' my eyes off Sally*—but she come with me down the path, and she says, 'That's only 'is little joke. He wouldn't 'ave me go off and leave 'im. When him and me are alone, you can't think the things he says about me making 'im so happy. That's only 'is way before other folks.'

"'Well,' I says, 'I'm glad to 'ear it, for it ain't a pleasant way, and it's as well he shouldn't be always a-following it, especially,' I says, 'when you 'aven't no one else but him to listen to.'

"If you can believe me, I was right down glad as I couldn't go there, and see what I 'ad to see. What I 'eard from other folks was bad enough. There's Mrs. Joyce, who lives but a mile from 'em, she looks in 'ere now and again when she drives this way to market, and she often said to me as she was sure Sally wasn't 'appy. 'For one thing,' she says, 'Sally talks too much about 'im being such a good 'usband, and she pulls 'er face into such a smile as you never saw the like,

and it's a very poor smile when she gets to it, for,' as she says, 'if a thing's really true you don't keep on a-saying it. There isn't no need to go about telling everybody as you've got a nose on your face, for they can see it without—and that's what it is with Robert Eades as a 'usband. He works 'er to death, and he never gives 'er a kind word—that's my belief,' for she says, 'he can't give what he hasn't got, and there isn't a bit o' kindness in 'im.'

"And that's what Sally had got for her hundred pounds!"

"Well, there was nothing to be done. She'd made 'er choice, and 'ad to abide by it, and all I could do was to try and put 'er out o' my mind. It was the beginning o' last year as she wrote and said as 'e'd broke 'is leg. I wished it 'ad been 'is neck. And I knew how she'd be a-waiting on 'im hand and foot. And it must 'ave been about a six weeks after that Mrs. Joyce's lad drove up one day in their market trap. And he said as how 'is mother sent 'im to fetch me to Mrs. Eades, who was took very ill.

"I didn't wait long, I can tell you. I left word for my husband with a neighbor, and I took a bit of food with me, for I wasn't a-going to eat Robert Eades's. I 'ad a feeling as to what lay before me, and when I saw 'er I knew it wasn't far off. There was a rough sort o' woman doing the cleaning, and Robert Eades was out in the fields, and it was the uncomfortablest place as ever you did see.

"Sally didn't know me, poor dear. She'd been ailing for months, the woman said, and could scarce keep on 'er feet; but when he broke 'is leg she 'ad such a deal to do for 'im, as it seemed to finish 'er up. She kep' on till he got about, and then . . . well, 'er just lay down to die.

"When the doctor came he said as if she'd given in months ago he might

'ave saved 'er—'But,' he says, 'she never consulted me, not even when I was attending 'er 'usband's leg.'

"'Well,' I said, 'if she'd 'ave 'ad a bottle o' medicine, he'd 'ave 'ad to 'ave paid for it, and *that* wouldn't 'ave pleased 'im.'

"'No,' he says, shaking 'is 'ead, 'I'm afraid there's been something o' that. She hasn't 'ad what she'd ought, poor soul. Her 'eart's that weak—'

"'It's that weak,' I says, 'that it's broke.'

"I was there but two days. He'd used to come in the room, but I never said a word to 'im. I wouldn't say anything before 'er, and I couldn't speak civil to 'im—so he 'ad neither good nor bad from me, and he kep' out o' my way, as well he might. I don't believe as she ever knew it was me till just afore she went—and then she says, in a kind of a whisper, 'It's you, Auntie, isn't it?' And I says, 'Yes, my dear, I'm 'ere along with you.'

"'Oh,' she says, 'I'm that tired I can't go on much longer. . . . Is it nearly morning?'

"It was just beginning to creep in through the blind, and I drew it up, and she turned 'er eyes to the light. Then she says, 'I do 'ope as Robert's not sitting up. He works so 'ard, he deserves 'is night's rest.'

"'No, my dear,' I says, 'don't you put yourself about. To judge by what I can hear, 'e's fast asleep and snoring. I sha'n't wake him, I promise you.'

"She could scarcely fetch 'er breath, and she lay quiet for a bit. Then off she started again: 'There's something as I *must* tell you afore I go.'

"She tried to pull 'erself up, and she began to screw 'er poor face into a sort o' smile, and it didn't take me long to guess what was a-coming. And it just came over me as I *couldn't* let 'er go out of the world with that lie on

'er lips, so I says to 'er (for she could 'ardly get 'er breath): 'Lie still, my dear, and don't you try to say nothing. I'm sure I knows what you want to tell me. It's about Robert, ain't it? . . . He's been a *good* 'usband to you, 'asn't he? . . . And you've been *very* 'appy with 'im, 'aven't you? Ah! she give me a look as I shall never forget—and she just settled down as quiet as a lamb, and went off to sleep so peaceful . . . like a tired child. . . . *And for 'er to think as I believed it!* Poor dear!

"But, my word, it did go against me to say it for 'er. I felt as if it 'ud almost leave a mark on my lips, and I've often wondered since how I could get it out. Oh, I daresay it wasn't the first lie I'd ever told, not by no means, and, if I'm spared, I daresay as it won't be the last—but it was the only one as ever *hurt* me in the telling, and I'm pretty sure that if every lie tasted as bitter as that one there wouldn't be so many of 'em about, for folks 'ud rather speak the truth, whatever it might be.

"That look never went off 'er face, and when she'd gone, and the woman and me 'ad done all as we could, she says:

"You can see as she's out of 'er troubles. She was a good wife, if ever there was one. And she thought *such a deal* of 'im.'

"That may be,' I says, 'There's those as thinks a deal of the devil, but that don't make 'im none the less black.'

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"Ah,' she says, 'there ain't much to be said for 'usbands. I've got one myself, and he's about as bad as any of 'em.'

"Well, as far as that goes, mine isn't nothing to grumble at. He's got 'is *ways*, of course—what man 'as'nt?—but they ain't altogether bad ones.

"The woman went to fetch Robert Eades—he'd gone out about 'is business—and I took myself off. I wasn't going to let my eyes fall on 'im. I b'lieve I could 'ave killed 'im.

"I never went to the funeral neither. Not me, nor my husband. If I had 'a gone, I should 'ave spoke my mind. I says to my 'usband, 'If I do go I shall give 'im somewhat.' And he says, 'You won't do 'im no good if you do.' 'I don't want to,' I says; 'I'd a deal rather do 'im harm.' 'Then keep away,' he says, 'and let folks see as you won't be mixed up with 'im. Poor Sally's beyond it all,' he says, 'and she ain't the first woman as has made a mistake.'

"No, indeed,' I says, 'she'll only be one along with a lot of other poor creatures who'll be thankful to find themselves in a world where there's neither marrying nor giving in marriage.'

"And plenty of men amongst 'em too,' he says.

"Of course, I don't deny there may be some truth in that. But after all—if you comes to think of it—what a lot o' talk there is in the world, and what a *deal* of it seems turned against 'usbands!'

Ellen Grazebrook.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TRIALS.

The Steinhell trial in Paris has left as its legacy a deep and perhaps insoluble problem of undetected crime, a very curious study in psychology, and a public discussion on the merits of

the French system of justice. We rather sympathize with the opinion of certain intelligent Frenchmen that a trial of this sort gets an unearned increment of sensation merely because

of its delays. In England no such interval would have been allowed to elapse between the arrest and the trial of the prisoner, and public curiosity would not have worked itself up to so singular a pitch. One can think of many notorious murder trials in England about which public excitement would have been enormously aggravated if the trial had been held in suspense month after month. Madame Steinhell's state of mind—the mental incoherence and upheaval which caused her to charge three persons with the crime of murdering her husband and her mother, and then to cite each of those incidents as a proof of the absence from her mind of a cold and calculated design—is indeed a psychological state worth examination. But it is not of that, but of the differences between French and English justice, which are commanding almost as much discussion in England as in France, that we would write now.

No Englishman can have read the reports of the trial without having his sense of what was seemly and judicial challenged, if not outraged. Accustomed to the notion that a Judge must hold himself apart from and above the wrangles of rival counsel (never intervening except in so far as it is his duty to direct the jury in his summing-up), the Englishman will have noted with something like scorn the loud personal encounters between Madame Steinhell and the President of the Cour d'Assises. The functions of the President seem, indeed, almost indistinguishable from those of the prosecutor. He often insists, it is true, upon the elucidation of points which obviously tell in the prisoner's favor, but his heart never appears to be in that part of his office; it engages his attention perfunctorily, and he is evidently much more intent on proving the guilt of the prisoner. The very arrangement of a French Court, in which the prosecutor sits on the

same bench with the Judge, while the defending counsel sits on a lower level in the body of the Court, is symbolical of the bias directed against the prisoner. At the end of the trial the President does not even redress the balance of the evidence which he has urged against the prisoner. He does not sum up. Such are some of the impressions made by the Steinhell trial on an English mind. They are necessarily one-sided impressions, because in this country we all come to the examination of the subject with huge and natural preconceptions in favor of our English system.

But Frenchmen themselves are evidently disquieted by some of the phenomena of the Steinhell trial. M. Jean Cruppi, who was a well-known advocate before he was Minister of Commerce, has made some very interesting criticisms in the *Figaro*. He argues that the examination of the prisoner by the President is not provided for by the law at all. In the sixteenth century the practice was actually condemned by at least one great legalist, but all attempts to end a practice which has certainly become firmly established by custom have failed. M. Cruppi goes to the root of the matter when he points out that the French system has persisted so long in its present form because it has given Judges innumerable opportunities to "prove their cleverness," and thus bring themselves into notice and secure their advancement. Yet the convention which makes a Judge also in effect a prosecutor defeats its own ends in many ways. The jury, for example, expect the Judge to try to procure a conviction, and consequently they discount his hostility. In England a strong summing-up by the Judge against a prisoner is almost fatal to his chance of acquittal; but in France the hostility of the Judge is regarded as "part of the game" and naturally an

exceptional deliverance by him has nothing of the singular impressiveness it would have in an English Court. It would not be fair, however, to imagine that most Frenchmen think that their judicial system urgently needs reform, or to jump to the conclusion that there is nothing whatever to be said for it even from the English point of view. It has been told of a great English Judge that he remarked that if Orton in the Tichborne trial had been exposed to such questions as a French Judge is allowed to put, the trial would have ended in a quarter of an hour instead of lasting a hundred and three days. The Tichborne case was in its first phase of course a civil action, and the analogy is therefore not exact, but the principle of the remark holds good; in certain respects the French system of evidence illumines a subject, while the English system in the interests of the prisoner rigorously shuts out light.

The points for and against the French idea are very well stated by Mr. R. Storry Deans in his book, "The Trials of Five Queens" (Methuen and Co., 10s. 6d. net). He says:—

It is open to doubt whether it is really lawful from the moral point of view to interrogate an accused with a view of securing evidence against him. It seems to me—though I do not deny that I approach the subject with the prejudices of an English lawyer—that it is not in the interests of truth and justice. You may secure convictions by it in cases where otherwise the guilty would escape; but you also run the risk of convicting the innocent. If it were possible for such interrogatories to be conducted not on the lines of cross-examination—not on the supposition of the prisoner's guilt—but with absolute and perfect fairness, there might be something to be said for such a procedure. I mean that if the interrogator simply assumed the attitude of an affectionate though stern father, demanding from his son an explanation of some suspicious conduct,

you would have an ideal *interrogatoire secret*. But when the interrogator's object is not to elicit explanation, but to prove guilt; when he regards himself as the agent of the prosecution, and not as the impartial friend of justice and truth, then the *interrogatoire secret* is unmitigatedly bad. You invite a guilty prisoner to lie; and then seek to entrap him into the truth. Many a person too, in this position, having some suspicious circumstances to explain away, will tell, not the truth, but a tale which appears to him to be plausible, and so entangle himself hopelessly in the net of the examiner. We, in England, know how a truthful but stupid witness will often, apparently, contradict himself, through sheer want of intelligence to understand the question. But here he has counsel on his own side to protect him, to clear up misunderstandings, and to put him on his feet again.

A great disadvantage of the French system is the absence of cross-examination. Mr. Storry Deans points out that when Roussillon denounced Marie Antoinette at her trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he produced all the effects he required by the most general statements which would not have withstood cross-examination. Take the charge that Marie Antoinette had improperly given away French money to her brother in Austria. "Roussillon," says Mr. Storry Deans, "would have been asked if he had ever seen any receipts for money by the Emperor Joseph, and once more he must have replied, No. In fact, if his testimony had been sifted it would have turned out that his only knowledge on the subject, the only foundation for his belief, was a statement he had read in a journal. Then he would have been asked if he believed everything he read in every journal, and if he had any reason to believe that the journalist knew more than he, Roussillon, on the subject."

M. Cruppi in his criticisms in the

Figaro touches the most essential point of all when he shows that there is in France a conflict between the Prefecture of Police and the Judges owing to their distinct and separate powers. Any conflict of this kind must surely be fatal, for it means that each Department is tempted to justify itself at the expense of the other. The English Bench is, of course, brought into no kind of conflict with the police; the police may wish to procure a conviction, but the Judges are supremely indifferent to that wish as such. Those who have seen the French play, *La Robe Rouge*, will remember that the Judges of a particular Tribunal are represented as feeling that their reputation is at stake because so many of

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the prisoners tried by them have been acquitted. They make up their minds that their prestige must be re-established by a particular conviction, and the play turns on the improper devices employed to ensure it.

No doubt Frenchmen say that so many safeguards are afforded to the prisoner in England that a good many guilty persons escape the law. That may be so but here we come to the conclusion of the whole matter,—the most important thing of all is that innocent persons should never by any chance be convicted. We shall never regard our machinery as imperfect merely because it lets off a certain percentage of criminals in guaranteeing that indispensable end.

THE NEW INDIAN CONSTITUTION.

Eleven months have passed since Lord Morley laid before this country and India the great scheme of reform that will always connect his name with Indian history. It will be remembered that the proposal aimed at an extension of political and legislative rights, the intention being to reduce the predominance of the official element upon the various governing councils, and to afford to Indians a greater part in the management of their own affairs. With these objects Lord Morley proposed the development of both the Executive and Legislative Councils. The reform of local self-government under the Municipalities, Taluka or District Boards, and Panchayats or old Councils of Five in the village communes, was set aside, perhaps to avoid over-weighting the measure, perhaps in the hope that the vast report of the recent Decentralization Commission might some day be digested.

In the general scheme of reform we

ought certainly to include Lord Morley's very important step in nominating two Indians (a Hindu and a Mohammedan) to the India Council in Whitehall. But, as regards India herself, the first step was the recommendation that an Indian should be appointed on the Viceregal Executive Council as soon as occasion offered (as has since been done), and that the Executive Councils of the Governors of Bombay and Madras should be raised to four members apiece, one being an Indian, while smaller Executive Councils, each with an Indian representative, were to be established in course of time in the remaining five Provinces under Lieutenant-Governors not appointed from England. The introduction of an Indian representative, or rather nominee, upon the Executive Councils was in itself a most valuable concession to the long-standing demands of the constitutional Indian reformers as represented by the National Congress.

But, after all, the longest step in the reform scheme was the expansion of the Legislative Councils by a great increase of the numbers and of the non-official members in each. The final regulations under which these Legislative Councils are to start their new careers next January were issued last Monday in a special Gazette at Calcutta, and in the main they follow the outline drawn by Lord Morley in his original proposals. In numbers some of the new Councils will exceed the maximum first laid down, and some fall far below it. According to the telegraphic summary, for instance, the Viceroy's Legislative Council (including the Viceroy) will run to sixty-eight instead of sixty (up to now it has numbered only twenty-four), while the Burma Council, which might number thirty, will only count eighteen. But the point does not lie so much in the numbers as in the fact that even on the Viceroy's Council the official members will retain only a majority of three, and in the Councils of the seven Provinces the official majority disappears altogether. In cases of obvious danger, the Viceroy retains the right of veto against the majority, but, as Lord Morley wisely said in introducing his measure:—

"Perhaps more often, there may be opposition on the part of non-official members to legislation that the Government desires. . . . If such a combination of all the non-official members against the Government were to occur, that might be a very good reason for thinking that the proposed measure was really open to objection, and should not be proceeded with."

The total number of members for all the Councils together has now been raised from 126 to 370 (against a possible maximum of 400), and the elected members from 39 to 135. The numbers alone are significant, though it is true that the members will not represent

districts or constituencies in the British sense, but rather classes and interests. In some cases they will even represent religious distinctions, and we regret that throughout the discussion of the reforms so much prominence has been given to the Mohammedan claim for separate electorates. We may put the Mohammedans in the eight Provinces (including the Central Provinces which do not possess a Council) at about 54,000,000 against 160,000,000 Hindus, and, of course, it is right that they should have their representation. It would have been an admirable opportunity for trying a proportional scheme. But the device which has been followed by the spokesmen of official Anglo-Indians and the Mohammedans themselves of belauding the Mohammedans and proclaiming that their loyalty and past services entitle them to a higher representation than their numbers justify can but irritate the Hindus, against whom it is an oblique insinuation. It is, indeed, only too clear that this method of reviving the ancient but dying strife between Hindu and Mohammedan has put obstacles in the way of the whole scheme of reform, and made it far more difficult for moderate reformers like Mr. Gokhale to commend it to their followers, or to the more definitely Nationalist party, as an earnest of that gradual and peaceful extension of the full rights of citizenship which they desire. It would have been fairer and far more advantageous for both the great religions in the end to have imposed a system of proportional representation, or even to have left the elections open. For even Madras, an almost fanatical centre of Hinduism, has hitherto steadily returned a distinguished Mohammedan citizen to the Viceregal Council.

We might dwell on other important points—the peculiar provision that the Imperial or Provincial Government

may forbid the candidature of an undesirable person before the election, and the concession (one of the most valuable of all) that the unofficial members may ask questions and move resolutions at the meetings of the Council, especially upon the annual consideration of the Budget, whereas hitherto each has read an academic essay that might as well have remained unwritten. But we leave the Councils Bill with confident hopes for its future, and with sincere congratulations to Lord Morley for his persistence in carrying through the reform in the face of prejudice and powerful opposition. We would only further remind him and the Indian Government that close upon a year has passed since nine of our Indian fellow-subjects were deported without trial, without charge, without reason given, and they still remain in gaol. We had hoped that the King's Birthday would have been taken as an opportunity for their release, but noth-

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ing has been done. In the case of Lala Lajput Rai, the most conspicuous of the deported prisoners hitherto, even so steady a Government organ as the "Pioneer" has admitted that injustice was permitted, and Lala Lajput Rai himself has won two libel actions in the Courts (one in Calcutta and one in London) on the ground of the utterly false charges brought against him. All who are personally acquainted with such men as Mr. Ashwini Dutt, of Barrisal, and Mr. Krishna Kumar Mitra, of Calcutta, now imprisoned without trial, find the utmost difficulty in believing that the unknown charges against them are any better founded. In the name of our high character for justice, on which more than anything our power over India rests, we would plead either for an open trial or release for men who have already suffered a serious penalty on a suspicion the reasons for which are kept hidden from the light of truth.

DOWN A STEEP PLACE.

Lord Rosebery's attitude on the Budget recalls that of a man who, falling out with life and conceiving a passionate hatred of existence, determined to throw himself over a precipice, but on reaching the edge and looking over changed his mind, went home, and advised others to do the same. If courage may be defined as a knowledge of what is to be feared, Lord Rosebery's second thoughts are more courageous than his first. It has all along been obvious to people gifted with common sense that it would never do for the House of Lords to play at revolution. Those who go about to break Parliaments or parliamentary customs shall themselves be broken. If Constitutional innovations are to be

made they must be initiated and carried by the House of Commons. Everyone knows why the House of Lords dislikes the Budget. It is not on account of those indirect duties which fall mainly upon the poor and the middle classes. The Peers are quite willing to pass a Budget of duties on tea, tobacco, and almost any sort of popular luxury except beer and whisky. They are not only willing but eager to add meat, corn, fruit, vegetables, and other necessities to the list of taxable commodities, for the simple reason that if the prices of food are raised the prices and rents of land may go up. Besides, a workman eats more bread than a rich man, and therefore pays more on a bread tax.

These are obvious if selfish considerations. Under such ideas the old Corn Laws grew up, and we know with what a pang they were surrendered. But this Budget is not bad in the eyes of the great majority of the peers merely because it does not tax the poor enough. It is doubly bad because it taxes the rich too much. Lord Avebury says the income-tax has never been so high. That is an exaggeration. During the Napoleonic wars it was higher. And if Lord Cromer and Lord Rothschild are right the German peril now is as awful as anything we have had to face in our history. The super-tax, then, we should have thought, and the increased death duties, might be set against the super-Dreadnoughts until such time as we come to an arrangement with Germany or take a more moderate view of the premiums which are required to insure us against invasion. This apparently is Mr. Balfour's view. He accepts income-tax and death duties, but cannot endure license duties and land taxes. We can well understand the general objection of rich men to increased taxation in time of peace and the special objection of urban landowners and owners of tied houses to other parts of the Budget. But that is no reason surely why the whole House of Peers, ignoring precedent and convention, in defiance of the Constitution, without a thought for the national finances, for the privileges of the Commons, or the prerogative of the King, should make for a steep place and hurt themselves down it into the unknown.

It may be, of course, that out of this confusion a better Second Chamber may take shape,—“an independent, impartial revising authority, which a Second Chamber ought to be.” We are quoting the words of Sir Edward Grey, himself a Second Chamber man, whose speech at Trowbridge will

carry weight with people of moderate opinions. We are glad to see that, though Sir Edward Grey pointed out the immense difficulty of reforming the House of Lords against its will—for a large majority of the peers are admittedly quite unfit to perform any legislative functions—yet he did not entirely despair of a solution. What is clear, however, is, Sir Edward Grey said, that when an election takes place in consequence of this revolutionary act, there must be a readjustment of relations between the two Houses, which will cover the whole field of legislation and will preclude the possibility of a Second Chamber again upsetting our finances and precipitating a General Election:

It is the House of Lords that has forced this issue into an acute phase. The question at the next election is to be between Tariff Reform and Free-trade finance. It was always to be that, but it is also now to be between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The two have become inseparable. The House of Lords refuses to pass this Budget because it wishes to clear the way for Tariff Reform, and that has made the issue, not of Free-trade only, but of the House of Lords as well. We have borne a great deal for the last four years. Things have now been made impossible for us. We do not intend to minimize or to shirk the issue which has been raised. We realize the importance and the seriousness of the struggle. It is because we realize it that we shall go into it with our full strength, and with the help of the people of this country we will see the thing through.

The Foreign Secretary, it may be added, expressed his deep conviction that had it been necessary to frame a Bill for the restoration of self-government to South Africa, the House of Lords, under the lead of Lord Milner, would certainly have thrown it out. A more terrible indictment we cannot

conceive. It will never do to go on having a Second Chamber recruited almost entirely by the accident of birth, instead of by selection upon the principle of merit and capacity.

Sir Frederick Pollock, most astute and learned of lawyers, and closely identified with the Unionist party, has declared that "the House of Lords is driving us to a choice between two revolutions—a change in our unwritten conventions which would shift the centre of gravity from the House of Commons to the House of Lords, or a legislative change which would in one way or another formally restrain the exorbitant action of the Lords within the limits of the Constitution as understood by our fathers." Either kind of revolution would, in his judgment, be an evil; "but, if the choice must be made, I prefer a written Constitution as the lesser and more measurable evil." But perhaps the most impressive state-

ment, alike from the standpoint of party tactics and constitutional duty, is contained in the speech of Lord Balfour of Burleigh. He told his brother Peers that they are "really walking into a trap, which has been set for them by those who are not their friends." There never was a time, he thinks, when it is more necessary to combine moderate men. "Your action will make that course difficult. You are going, if I may humbly say so to you, to offend the deeper conservative instincts of the country, and that feeling may be reflected at the polls." He honored the action of those who voted with Lord Lansdowne from a feeling that they must fulfil the expectations of their friends, and concluded: "I would like to join you if I could; but my judgment is that it is a false step, alike in the interests of the country and of the House in which I have spent the whole of my political life."

The Economist.

TO THEM THAT DARKEN COUNSEL.

"Forasmuch therefore as ye trample on the poor and take exactions from him of wheat, ye have built houses of heven stone but shall not dwell in them."

"And the great houses shall have an end, saith the Lord."

Forasmuch as your hearts are hardened, and your hands encumbered with gold,

Forasmuch as ye sell your judgment, as a stall-fed beast is sold;

Forasmuch as your eyes yearn backward to the feast of the full fat years,

Forasmuch as your brows bend earthward, when the sign in the heaven appears;

Therefore your feet shall falter, and the staff of your hands shall bend,

And the firm-set stones shall fall, for the house of the great hath an end.

Because your lips have watered for the price of the sufferer's pain,

Because ye have drugged men drowsy, and count their drunkenness gain;

Because ye have mocked their weakness, and flung them a grudging dole,

Because ye have counted their bodies, and found no trace of a soul;

For all this the hounds are gathered, and the huntsman's net is spread,

And ye hear their horn on the hills like a long-drawn wall of the dead.

As up in your high-built halls ye have careless lived, and content

If others have tolled and gathered, and ye have scattered and spent,

As ye fear to smirch your souls, or so much as a finger soil
With the scum of a nation's ferment, the grime of a people's toll,

Therefore your own fine hands have sullied your once fair fame,

And your speech that was bold and straight is now fall'n crooked and lame,

Till at last men say, Lo, these have woven their own rewards,
Who once were lords among people, where now the people are lords.

Guy Kendall.

The Nation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Lovers of the Wagnerian drama owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Oliver Huckel for his free poetic paraphrases of the great master's themes. This year he presents the *Valkyrie* (*Die Walküre*) which follows upon "*Rheingold*," published last year, and constitutes the second drama in the cycle of "*The Ring*." This is no bald translation, but a truly poetic rendering. The verse is musical and stately, and admirably preserves the spirit of the original. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

azine in which they were first published, and will find new readers in their present form. Dr. Thomson has the gift, not too common among scientific men, of popularizing the fruits of his studies without any suggestion of condescension. These papers appeal even to the hasty and often superficial reader by their graphic presentation of some of the most important problems of life. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The seven pungent and practical essays which Dr. William Hanna Thomson groups in a volume under the title "*Some Wonders of Biology*" have already attracted attention in the mag-

Dr. Charles A. Eastman's "*Wigwam Evenings*" (Little, Brown & Co.) is a repository of Indian folk-lore which readers old or young will find interesting. Dr. Eastman is a full-blooded Sioux who tells these twenty-seven

Sioux tales, not as an outsider might, but as one who listened to these stories and others like them in his boyhood. Mrs. Eastman, who is joint author with him of the little volume, wrote verse in her girlhood as Elaine Goodale, which attracted wide attention by its imagination and lyric beauty. Doubtless it is to her, in part, that the charming form which these tales take may be attributed.

The "Can-You-Believe-Me Stories,"—seventeen in number, which Alicia Aspinwall tells in the volume bearing that title are addressed to young boy and girl readers. In such simple language are they told that children who can read anything can read the book for themselves. It won't make a great deal of difference whether they believe the stories; probably they won't, if they are well-conducted children who have been brought up to know a fairy tale when they see one; but they will be diverted and charmed by them, and will also be delighted with the pictures which illustrate them. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The edition of Laboulaye's "Fairy Tales" which E. P. Dutton & Co. present this year for holiday uses is attractively printed, and is decorated with six full-page illustrations in color, twice as many in black and white, and other smaller pictures scattered through the text,—all the work of Arthur A. Dixon. The tales are of a sort that appeals to young people of imagination, and the pictures are in accord with them. For younger readers the same publishers offer "When Mother was a Little Girl," with pictures by Ida Waugh and verses by Amy E. Blanchard and others; "Little Indian Maidens at Work and Play," a volume of quaint pictures and verses by Beatrice Baxter Ruyll; and "Mother Goose and What Happened Next" by Anna Marion

Smith, who furnishes rhymed continuations of some of the most familiar Mother-Goose verses, with illustrations by Reginald Birch.

There are few better names to conjure with among boy readers than that of W. O. Stoddard Jr.; and his latest story, "Longshore Boys" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is likely to extend his popularity. It is full of stirring incident, but the adventures which it describes are not of the impossible type, nor are the young heroes prodigies of valor. They are simply natural, healthy boys who have a good time and bear themselves well in time of special emergency. The dedication "To-my-son-Tom" suggests that the author has a boy reader and critic at home who, perhaps, saves him from the vagaries of writers who write for boys without knowing much about them. There are four illustrations in color.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. publish two pretty little books, both suggestive of Christmas uses and Christmas lessons, yet quite different. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson's "Christmas Builders" is a half serious, half whimsical discourse, deploring the overloading of Christmas and the many sorts of inconsiderateness which attend the conventional and fashionable observance of it, and urging a Christmas celebration which shall extend the whole year through; Hesba Stretton's "The Christmas Child" is a touching and simple story of a latter-day Christmas baby, to whom the observance of the Christ-child's birth brought new joys and a new home. Both books are illustrated.

The Rev. Dr. A. H. Drysdale's "Christ Invisible Our Gain" (A. C. Armstrong & Son) suggests, in its central purpose, President King's "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual

Life." Like that, it aims to show that there is nothing which need be disturbing to faith in the fact that spiritual experiences and spiritual realities lie beyond the domain of the things which we see and handle. But Dr. Drysdale carries the thought even farther than President King, by adducing reasons why the withdrawal of the physical presence of Christ is not only not a loss but a gain,—a gain to faith, to hope, to love and to joy. To this conclusion the author leads up through study of the words of Christ, the teaching and experience of the Apostles, and the experience of the devout of to-day. The book is thoughtful and spiritually stimulating and suggestive.

The politics of Madison's administration have been thrown into the shade as a theatre for fiction by its military and naval history, and Mr. Albert E. Hancock's "Bronson of the Rabble" covers ground almost unoccupied by the novelist. The hero, a poor man's son, self-educated at the cost of very great exertion, makes a place for himself in politics; defeats the senator from his district, a man many years his senior and his enemy from his boyhood, and marries his niece; but his story is only the skeleton which the author has clothed with the politics of the time. Those who fancy that there was a dull space in the history of the United States between the battle of New Orleans and Jackson's inauguration should not neglect the opportunity afforded by "Bronson of the Rabble" to learn how keenly the people felt its issues and how deeply they were stirred by its interests. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mrs. Mary Austin has essayed many different styles of writing since her first book was published, and the short stories included in "Lost Borders" differ from everything which has preceded them, her novel "Isidro" excepted.

Many of them are the stories of the wife, the husband and another, that tale which so many Western writers seem to think the only one necessary to tell. One is a genuine and very cleverly narrated ghost story and two or three abound in a species of hard humor apparently indigenous to the West and certainly seldom as conspicuous in the course of events in the East, as it becomes in Western literature. It is pleasant to see that the author has quite laid aside her brief affectation of misusing English as severely as is Mr. Jack London's habit, and now writes clear, limpid prose, its words excellently chosen, and its phrasing highly effective. Harper & Brothers.

The true physician gives advice in such a form that it will be remembered, caring comparatively little as to its palatability, and it seems probable that the penetrating, stinging quality of the sayings in Dr. George L. Walton's "Those Nerves" reproduces that of his counsel to actual patients. Certainly the most conceited and evasive reader could hardly evade their darts, or shake them off when once they had found lodgment. In a series of clear, bright discourses he expounds the foolishness of expecting nervous affections to be cured by a single effort, and the folly of various obsessions such as those of setting other people right; of invariably being prompt; of immediately doing everything that can be done; of expecting always to be well; and of general discursiveness. The papers show wide and deep knowledge of human weakness, so wide and so deep in truth that few are they who will not find something beneficial in the book. J. B. Lippincott Company.

As the daughter of a Canadian coal dealer was of no family at all according to Canadian ideas, it was necessary for Miss Marjorie Dyer, the

heroine of Mr. Albert Hickman's "An Unofficial Love Story," to consider very curiously when she began to carry out her plan for spending her life in London and enjoying all its delights. She had eyes which could assume an expression of the most convincing child-like interest; she had a most persuasive drawl, and the knack of buying exactly the right clothes and of wearing them in the right way, and consequently, not only did young Canada fall down and worship her, but visiting strangers joined in their devotions. The means by which she captured one of the latter, an English agent of the foreign office, and opened her road to Bruton street, W., although unofficial, are worth the study not only of young ladies with similar designs, but of young gentlemen desirous of evading them and of mothers who would make them of non-avail with a view to diverting young gentlemen towards their own daughters, and the story is related in a light, original fashion which heightens its humor. Century Company.

"Options" was a clever name to give to the volume of short stories selected from the past two years' work of that popular writer, O. Henry, and the stories are clever stories. A Georgia colonel engaged in magazine-editing, a department-store clerk out of a job, a frontier girl in New York society, an old darky perplexed by the resemblance between the young master whom he has not seen for ten years and his northern cousin, a peddler gold-hunting in Guatemala, an ornithologist's daughter and her Texas suitor, a hermit of the Hudson, a modern Indian reverting to his type, a head-hunter from the Philippines, a Long Island girl looking for her lover in the metropolis, an amateur prize-fighter philosophizing in a park, a plate-glass drummer in love with the daughter of a Virginia colonel—these

are some of the heroes and heroines. Mr. Henry's plots are so ingenious, his comments on life so shrewd, his epigrams so quotable and his sympathies so keen that one regrets that his humor should sometimes degenerate into mere slangy smartness. Harper & Bros.

That exquisite idyl of child-life, Johanna Spyri's story "Heldi" is published in a sumptuous holiday edition by E. P. Dutton & Co. The form is a square octavo; the type is large and clear; there are ample margins; and there are twelve full-page illustrations in color by Lizzie Lawson, besides a number of drawings in black and white. This beautiful classic, well adapted, as the author hoped it might be, to delight both children and all who love children, has never before been presented in so attractive a volume. The Duttons also publish "Captain Pete of Cortesana" by James Cooper Wheeler, in which the Captain Pete with whom boy readers became pleasantly acquainted in Mr. Wheeler's earlier book has some more stirring adventures in the Puget Sound district; "Old Man's Beard and Other Tales" by G. M. Faulding, a group of a half dozen or more cleverly fanciful stories for young readers, illustrated with equal cleverness by Walter P. Starmer, with five full-page pictures in color, and many in black and white; and "Come and Go," a volume of verses for small children, by Clifton Bingham, with gorgeous colored pictures, ingeniously arranged with ribbons, so that novel and unexpected results can be secured by merely pulling the strings.

It was a wise decision of Mr. Emerson's family and his literary executor which led to the preparation of his Journals for publication. One has only to browse through the first two vol-

umes of them, edited by his son, Edward W. Emerson, and his grandson, Waldo Emerson Forbes, to perceive how great a loss it would have been had they been withheld, and how bright a light they throw upon the development of Emerson's mind and thought. Here, in these two volumes, we have the later Emerson in the making. The Journals here quoted extend from the year 1820, when Emerson was a boy of 16 at college, to the year 1832, when, at the age of 28, he severed his pastoral connection with the Second Church of Boston and entered upon his broader career in philosophy and letters. These twelve years were crowded full with intellectual and spiritual experiences. It is of these chiefly that he wrote in his Journals; not of persons, not of incidents or outward happenings; but of books, of reflections, of high thoughts, imaginings and aspirations. At the age of 16, when the average boy of to-day is largely absorbed in athletics, he was "reading patches of Barrow and Ben Jonson," gravely considering Bacon's "Novum Organum," or recording his thoughts upon the Greek drama, the religion of the middle ages or the enjoyment of art. These Journals give a more intimate view of Emerson's personality than could be obtained from any formal biography or autobiography. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Daniel Gregory Mason's "A Child's Guide to Music" (The Baker Taylor Co.) is written primarily, as the title indicates, for children, but it may well be useful also to older people who have but an indifferent knowledge of musical forms and whose musical taste needs stimulus and direction. Mr. Mason writes with the simplicity which is the fruit of a thorough mastery of his subject, and with a most engaging directness. Even readers who fancy themselves wholly bereft of musical

sensibility will find enjoyment in the author's presentation of the subject. Portraits of a dozen of the greatest composers illustrate the book. In the same series appears "A Child's Guide to American History," by Henry Y. Elson. This is not a formal history, although it is systematically arranged. But it supplements the formal histories with a multitude of anecdotes, incidents and descriptions, strung upon a thread of historical narrative. Put into the hands of boys or girls who are worrying through dry-as-dust textbooks of American history, it will furnish enjoyable supplementary reading, and will incidentally awaken the youthful mind to the real fascination which American history possesses. Both for what it is in itself, and for the inspiration and suggestion which it furnishes, this is as good a book for Santa Claus to leave in the stockings of young America as the present season has afforded.

In his new novel, "Old Harbor," Mr. William John Hopkins departs from his custom of telling a story in the first person, and becomes much more vivid and interesting in consequence. Moreover, he does not content himself with two or three characters, but introduces an entire family, with their friends and connections and an humble villain or two, to say nothing of a very creditable family mystery, and he adds one more to the noble company of doctors in American fiction, that company which according to Dr. Holmes includes no bad characters because a model is lacking. The result is a novel superficially like dozens of others in which the scene is a once prosperous town, left in isolation by the retirement of the tide of business, and peopled by men and women of types not developed in the atmosphere of to-day. Actually, however, "Old Harbor" folk are capable of rebellion against the inertness of their

world, and Mr. Hopkins shows them at the moment when they declare their individual independence, and set in motion a train of highly humorous incidents all pretending to be tragic, and beguiling the reader of his tears and his shivers, until their imposture stands revealed. The new type is superior to the old and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hopkins will not return to the agreeable but slight sketches with which he made his first reputation as a novel writer. Houghton Mifflin Company.

One may shrink with horror from the spectacle of bloodshed and misery afforded by the Napoleonic wars; and yet the spectacle of the fallen Emperor, the conquered general at St. Helena, touches the heart. So fallen, so lost, he appeals to all the gentle emotions. Mr. Philip Gonnard's "The Exile of St. Helena" seems at first to be an exception to the general rule of meting out kindness to the prisoner of the rock. One who attitudinizes ceases to be dignified when his artificiality is detected, and when M. Gonnard speaks of Napoleon as occupied in those last melancholy years in creating the Napoleonic legend, that body of belief crediting him with fine motives and noble intentions all utterly unselfish, one has no more respect for him than for the usurper who made Talma give him lessons in the art of sitting with majesty. But as the author goes on, revealing motive beneath motive and showing that it was for his luckless son that Napoleon strove to attach the French people to his own memory: that it was for him that he annotated histories, and wrote and rewrote and revised, often in pain and in weakness; one reverts to the old regret, perhaps even finds it heightened, and one's respect for Napoleon grows immensely. The work which at first seemed an attack reveals itself as a panegyric. The volume is

illustrated by many Bonaparte portraits and other historical pictures, and a valuable bibliography follows a series of appendices containing much that is curious. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Although it is generally admitted that its young men give a nation its best opportunity for investment, the converse proposition that the aged represent capital invested is seldom enunciated, and old men howsoever great their official dignity, howsoever profound their wisdom, are escorted from life to the cheerful music of "No man is indispensable." As for their memoirs, they may be eagerly read, but rather from curiosity than in the hope of receiving sage counsels. But the very dimensions of the three volumes of Mr. Bigelow's "Retrospections of an Active Life" protect them from that indignity. Not for curiosity does an ordinary man consent to sustain the weight of 700 imperial octavo pages while reading them, although if he once undertook the task, he would probably not relinquish it until he reached the index in the third volume. Having arrived there he would probably demand a few more volumes to cover the forty-two years which have elapsed since the last incident of which he had read, the Maximilian tragedy; for no memoirs more interesting or more valuable have been published in this country or in England during these last twenty years of voluminous memoirs. Mr. Bigelow's plan in preparing this work includes but a brief account of his young manhood, and of his childhood only such memories and anecdotes as he has from time to time given to his descendants. But in his preface he very strikingly compares the present and the past by showing what would be the result if the New York of to-day were to be deprived of the resources with which science and the industrial arts have supplied her since

the time of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Bigelow was educated at home, at Walnut Grove Academy, at Washington College and Union College; read law in three offices, the third being that of Robert and Theodore Sedgwick; and was admitted to the bar before he was quite twenty-one years of age, for such things were possible before the time of short school days and long vacations. In New York he entered at once into a circle including so many names which were to become distinguished that even Disraeli would have hesitated to endow his most brilliant young hero with such a set of acquaintances; and as he began so he continued. He formally entered journalism as Bryant's partner, and when after his marriage he visited Europe, he added the names of many Englishmen and Frenchmen to his list of friends. In 1861 he was sent to Paris as consul, being selected because it was believed that he was especially qualified to deal with the French press, at that time the object of much Southern intrigue, and to a great extent under the influence of Southern sympathizers. From that position he naturally advanced to that of minister. In telling his story he inserts letters judiciously, interlarding them with admirable portraits, English, French and American, recording his impressions even when erroneous and thus giving a more truthful picture than he could by repeating a verdict revised by history. Among the letters are included many to and from Seward, and many exchanged with ministers resident in other parts of Europe, and a long magazine article on the triumph of union by Montalembert, unfamiliar if not unknown to most Americans. But collections of letters and portraits may be prepared by editors who never saw the writers and who have pieced the portraits together matching feature to feature from records of various character. The point

wherein a work like this is unique is in the generalizations and comment possible only to long experience, varied or repeated. For instance, in noting the ignorant criticism and unwarranted censure levelled at Seward, Mr. Bigelow says, "There will always be some who will complain that flowers will not flourish under the monarch of the forest, but most people feel amply compensated by the majesty of its proportions and the luxury of its shade, and the music of the birds that nestle in its branches, for the loss of the flowers." Only to one who had not only seen many men misjudged, but had stood near many misjudged great men, would such a comparison have occurred, but it is but one of scores to be found in these pages. In the preface he says that "In the heart of every loyal patriot arises the question whether the base line which measures the distance between our country when it first came within my field of vision, and its condition as we find it to-day, indicates that we are as a nation, advancing into Canaan or retrograding into Egypt. Do the searchings of the national heart betray the greater solicitude about the deliverances from Mount Gerizim or those from Mount Ebal? God only knows, but he lets us hope." Doubt is common to men of all ages; to doubt and yet to hope is the privilege of those who have seen so many good causes saved in the very darkest hour, by interposition of unimagined forces that they dare not wholly doubt. Mr. Bigelow calls his life "active." Carefully surveying many of the periods here recorded he seems active indeed. The mere examination of the incidents upon which his work puts a new face will give many a student days of work, and occasional remarks will initiate long investigations. "Old men for counsel"; here is counsel of the best. Baker & Taylor Co.

